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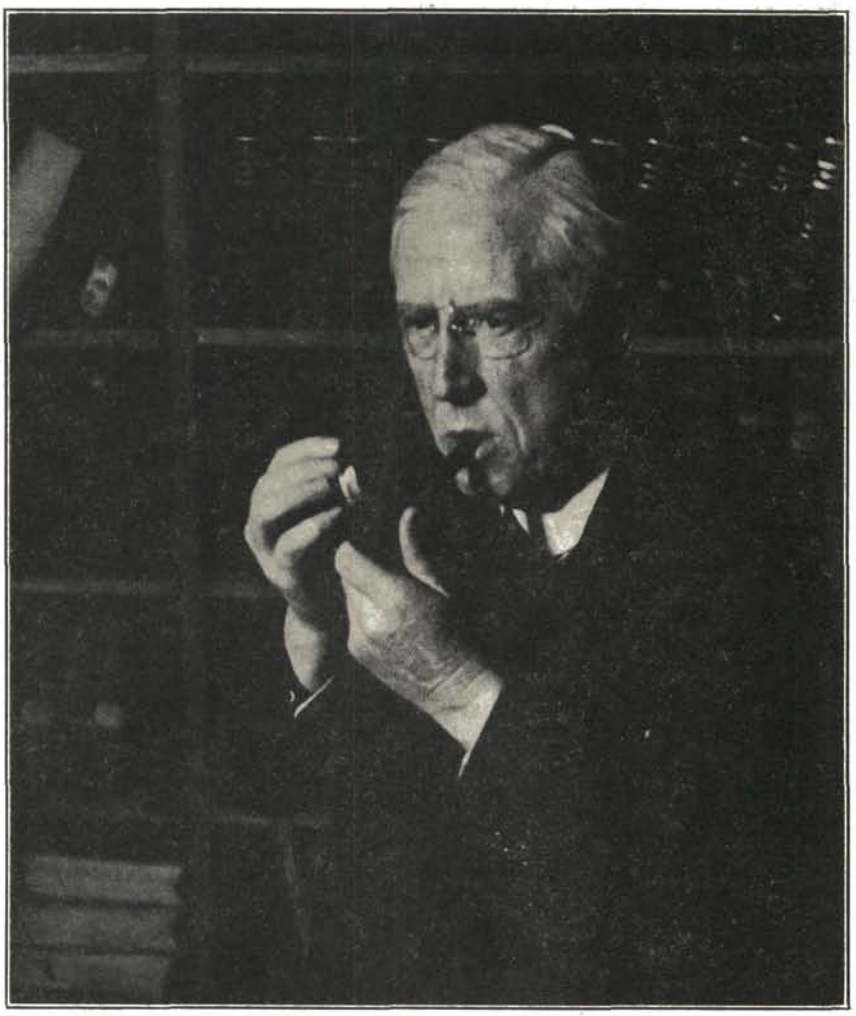

Disraeli

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"But in this latest book Mr. Sullivan has had a sordid and tragic story to tell. It is the story of the Harding Administration, the limp withdrawal of the United States from world affairs, the bad appointments, the lack of Presidential vigilance, the accumulating scandals, and the final disillusionment and disgust of the whole nation" . . . *(See page 5)*

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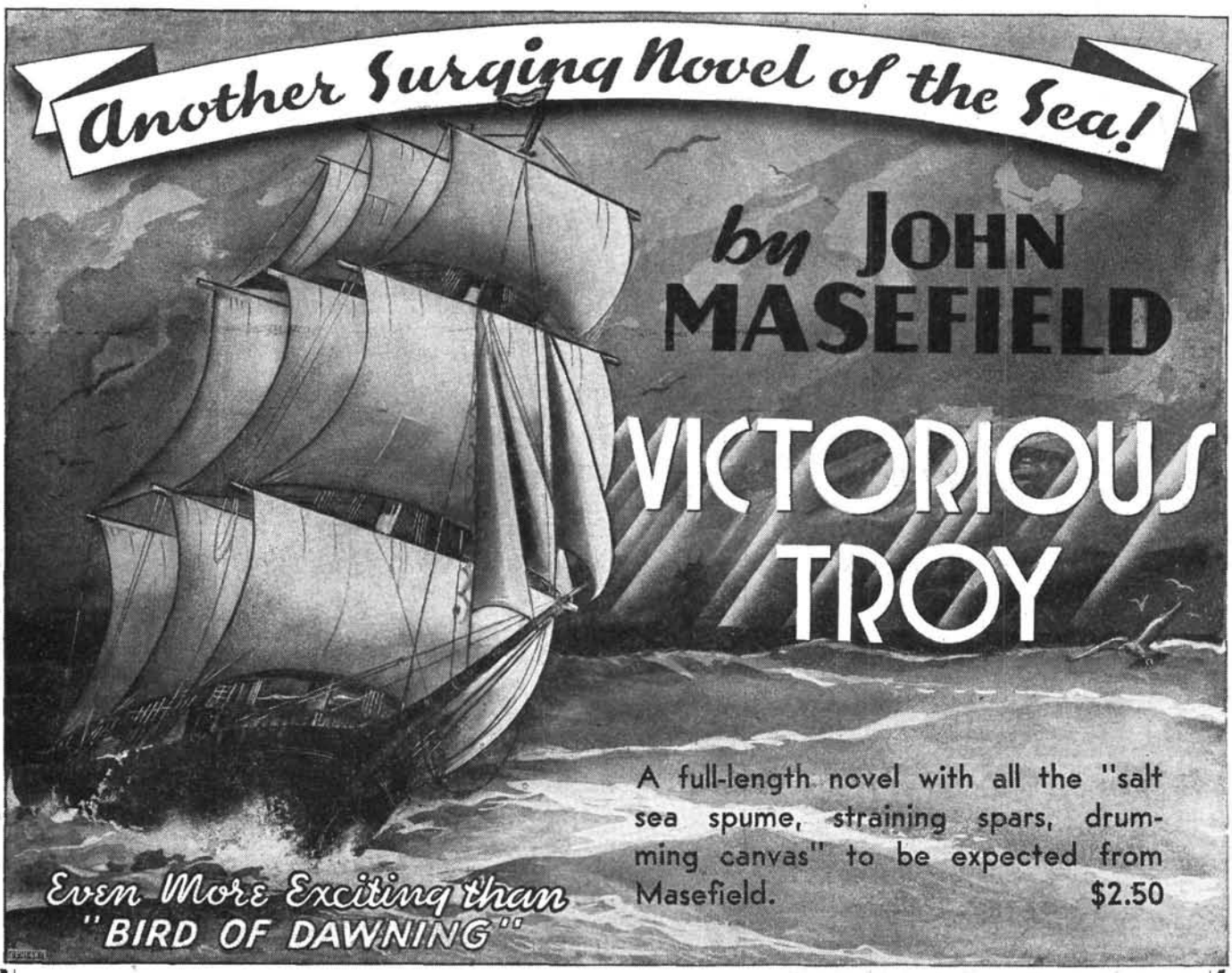
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New England Sees It Through

BY GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

IN a letter to a friend, Sarah Orne Jewett once said of the death of an elderly neighbor that it seemed with her had passed the last stronghold of old New England gentility, vision, and power. As long as Miss C. lived, she felt a vestige of our former splendor still remained, but with her gone, it too was again dead, and life could never be quite the same for those who had known it.

The feeling was natural enough. No doubt many others in the village shared it. What I often wonder is whether Sarah Orne Jewett ever guessed, even as she wrote, that she herself carried the fine old tradition on her own shoulders farther than her neighbor could possibly have done, and left it, when she had to put it down, in a more safe and enduring place. Very likely there were many South Berwick people who felt in 1909 that with Miss Sarah lost to them, there was little left to cling to and to grow by. I am sure Miss Mary, Miss Sarah's sister, filled this high office, did this happy service for me and for all my generation in our village, and that with the closing of the Jewett house as a private residence, the heart of the town as we had known it did indeed, for a time, cease to beat.

But what we all tend to forget in our personal bereavements is that never a tree falls but another, and perhaps more than one, springs up to take its place—not the same tree, perhaps not even the same kind of tree but a tree nevertheless, with stout trunk and spreading limbs, good support for man to lean against. What Miss C. was to Sarah Orne Jewett, Miss Mary Jewett was to me, and some other woman of grace and dignity is now to the newer South Berwick generations. Nothing closes up. It shifts and changes; it folds and unfolds; it blossoms, lies idle, and blossoms again but nothing dies. Certainly not New England.

It is a curious thing how often this Northeast corner has been declared dead. We died when ships began to be made of steel instead of wood, when steam came in and sails went out, when kerosene replaced whale oil. New Englanders no longer put their own ships around the Horn or went themselves to buy their wives' and mothers' Oriental shawls; rivers which had once been avenues of navigation were damned up to provide water power for noisy mills; railroads carried our young men West and South instead of boats carrying them East. Therefore we were dead. The West and the South said so and we believed them.

We died again when the trolley car came in, rumbling and squealing past our very dooryards full of lilacs and primroses and lady's delight, but this was nothing to the death we died when trolleys were taken from their wires, trains refused to stop more than once or twice between Boston and Portland, and we had no other means of transportation than an occasional bus. We died of the mill business going South quite as painfully as we had of manufacturing starting up, fifty years before, and perhaps the worst death of all occurred when New England began to be advertised as a summer playground, and then as a winter playground, a year-round carnival, a sort of national park full of quaint little houses, old furniture, hooked rugs, agreeable landscapes, and ideal sporting conditions.

But still we are not dead. We are nowhere near dead. How could we be? It is all absurd. We are not even old. We may claim age, if it suits our purpose, just as one child tells another, "Now you listen to me. I know. I'm nine years old and you're only six." But we are not old; we are young. What are a few hundred years to fold our hands upon? How much is this to have behind us? How much is this for a people to think back over either wistfully or contentedly? How much is this for our writers to hang with little wreathes and garlands and touch tenderly as one might old glass?

I think we make too much of changes in business conditions. Esthetically, the shipping industry seems to make more splendid material to dwell upon than the cotton industry or the shoe industry or the summer-season industry, but I am not sure there is any good reason why this should be so. To be sure, "white sails" and "blue waters" and "strange ports" are good, sure-fire words, tried and true, and we are proud of those ancestors of ours who "trod their own decks" or even only "shipped before the mast." We kindle to all such phrases, and we warm, too, to the habits, tools, and expressions of agriculture. But all these other occupations have their own particular dignity and it is a mistake, a loss to us all to cry it down. Any work which is honest is fine and important, and has as much character, as much beauty and spirit and significance, as the people who do it. And why should the grandsons of sea captains, the sons of farmers, be any less than those who went before them? All have done

Next Week

A FIVE INCH SHELF
Foreword to an Anthology
By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

AMY LOWELL
By S. FOSTER DAMON
Reviewed by Mark Van Doren

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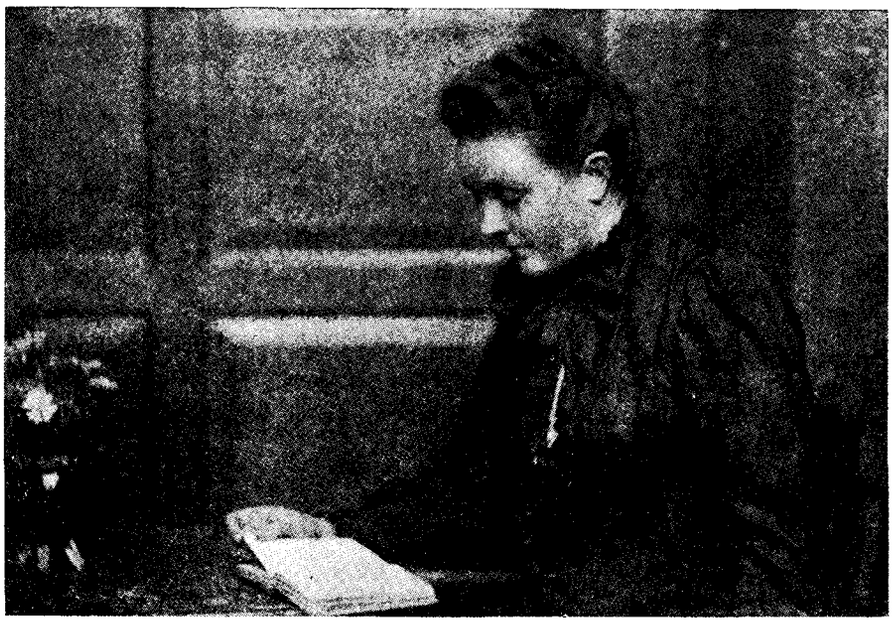
what came to hand to do. If our New England writers deal mostly with the sea and the farms of the section it is either because our few writers have only this particular life for their background, or because, like the rest of New England, they are shutting their eyes to the present and leaning too hard on our brief past.

I hope it is the former. Knowing myself nothing but Maine woods and farms, I work with them, but am forever looking hopefully for that man or woman who knows the people in and of the Pacific Mills, Young's Hotel, Davis's Camps, or the grocery store around the corner, and will write of them. We are far broader and richer here in New England than we recognize or admit. It is only a matter of habit that we should think fishermen and spinsters are all we have left as the stuff of life or literature.

It is always a curious and interesting thing to see how truly the history, the character, and the temper of a race is reflected in the works of its poets and novelists. Not so much in what is written about it, but in the works of the poets and novelists who are *in* and *of* the race itself, living in the usual houses, sharing at least some of the current opinions, laboring under many of the popular delusions, setting down what they see and hear and feel, what they themselves are.

We might go back to John Greenleaf Whittier, to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, to James Russell Lowell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. These are names that ripple easily off our tongue. Most of us could quote a respectable number of lines from the works of all four men, lines which are dear to us all, entwined as they are with the school books in which we first read them, and which we cherish because we possess them. But these were not great poets. This is the group most often classified now as the Polite Writers. They lived and worked in a period which New Englanders are too prone to look back upon with longing—yet the period which made them what they were surely had its shortcomings!

Small wonder a Walt Whitman writing out of his live, sprawling Middle West threw a bomb shell into the midst of such as these! Small wonder a Mark Twain from the Mississippi country was not greeted with much cordiality by the Boston Literary Circle, which continued for many years to toast its toes beside its close little fires and hug itself happily, supposing itself the hub of American literature when it was rather fast becoming insignificant. Those others talked in such big voices, were so warm-blooded and exuberant. They might lack culture but they had everything else, and the new, far-flung America was no longer dominated by the cultural standards of Massachusetts. America was tired of tea; it wanted meat. America would not read



SARAH ORNE JEWETT

pretty words; it wanted life. It had heard enough of the ancients; it wanted to learn about itself. We were closer to literary oblivion than we knew, here in New England, around the middle of the nineteenth century. Then Sarah Orne Jewett joined the *Atlantic Monthly* group.

I doubt very much that Miss Jewett ever knew she was the only artist who sat with the group around those little Boston fires. But such was the truth. She lacked only fire to be New England's fair claim to an actual literary genius. She was rich in intelligence and cultural background, but untrammeled by the too-formal education of the time, and she lived, not in a social center, but in a little village where the natural events of every day brought her in close contact with life, with reality, and with those to whom birth and love and hate and death were bold, cruel, splendid facts. She went day after day into country homes with a family doctor paying his calls, and this was opportunity indeed. It has always seemed to me that a country doctor must see more of unvarnished human nature than anyone else in the world. He works among people at times when they do not take the trouble to conceal their hearts.

A taste of all this Sarah Orne Jewett had, through her share in her father's life, and she had, too, a sensitiveness to feel it and an ability to interpret it that he, like most doctors, may have lacked. Her environment and her sympathies were such that she took her material from her contact with simple people, and she had the artistic wisdom never to touch material which she did not thoroughly know. Her passions did not run high or hot; she wrote little of young love or any great emotional crisis; for this reason, among others, her books can hardly be called novels. But her gentle narratives of the elderly, of herbgatherers and shepherdesses, of retired seamen, cheery invalids, and tranquil lighthouse-keepers are carved with the delicate precision of cameos; never an ill-chosen word; never a blurred stroke; always an extraordinary skill and a loving care and an abiding tenderness. Within the limits which Miss Jewett's time, temperament, and way of living set for her, she wrought perfectly —a perfection which no other New England writer, however emancipated by these later days, has yet achieved.

Miss Jewett's true disciple was—and is —Willa Cather, but we cannot claim her. Her gifts have their roots elsewhere. Edith Wharton wrote one small book about New England, "Ethan Frome," an excellent piece of work, but not *of* New England, not by a New Englander. It might have been laid anywhere. It is the speech of a foreign tongue . . . Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, O. E. Rolvaag—none of ours . . . All this time the novel was dashing headlong, whither no one knew, caught in the big, hot, careless fists of the countrymen, the natural followers of Walt Whitman and Mark Twain. Writing in America, from being nothing but form, was fast coming to have no form. American life and American letters both, far from lacking any heat and passion, were becoming vehicles of nothing but passion. From regarding control as the most admirable trait a human being could possess, as the Puritans did, we were passing to the conviction that control was a ball and chain which held us back from everything fine and beautiful and must be thrown off at any cost.

There was no place for New England in

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Down to Normalcy

OUR TIMES: THE UNITED STATES 1900-1925. Volume VI: The Twenties. By Mark Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN this bulky volume, amusingly written, brightly illustrated, full of entertainment to readers who wish to recall the events of yesterday and full of raw material for future historians, Mr. Sullivan raises the last column of his edifice. At least so he says—though we may hope that his publishers and public will yet persuade him to continue the series. He began his history with McKinley's exit from the stage and Theodore Roosevelt's entrance, the end of a period of standpattism and big business domination and the initiation of progressivism and reform. It would at least bring his narrative around full circle if he now went on to give us the five years 1925-30, with standpattism and big business more exultantly in the saddle than ever during the days of the great Coolidge-Hoover bull market. But if Mr. Sullivan refuses, we may well be thankful for what we have already received. He and his publishers (for the skill of the latter in packing his books with pictures must not be forgotten) have provided six volumes so diverting that the tiredest layman can forget his troubles over them, and so instructive and carefully authenticated that it will be long decades before historical students can afford to neglect them. Indeed, a century hence men may possibly turn to them as one of the best repositories of the essential spirit of our time.

In several of his volumes Mr. Sullivan has had a heroic theme to treat. He plainly felt that Theodore Roosevelt was a heroic figure, and his fifth volume made it clear that Woodrow Wilson was a still finer leader and broke himself for greater aims. But in this latest book Mr. Sullivan has had a sordid and tragic story to tell. It is the story of the Harding Administration, the limp withdrawal of the United States from world affairs, the bad appointments, the lack of Presidential vigilance, the accumulating scandals, and the final disillusionment and disgust of the whole nation.

Mr. Sullivan tells it with evident sympathy with Harding and the better figures of his Administration, with equally evident honesty, and with much new detail. It is clear that he liked Harding and that the man's weakness of character and lack of mental grasp never jarred heavily upon him. But he glosses over nothing, or almost nothing. He plainly does not think that Daugherty was implicated in the corrupt acts of Jess Smith and others, though he leaves that question open. We gather that he thinks Nan Britton's story true, though he leaves that open also. The new detail comes out in the full accounts of the early careers of Harding and Daugherty; in the history—probably definitive—of the inside workings of the Republican National Convention of 1920; in the expert brief sketches of Jess Smith, Roxy Stimson, Ned McLean, Senator Tom Walsh, Mrs. Harding, and others whom Mr. Sullivan saw at close range; and in the vivid and exceptionally fair-minded story of the trials of Fall, Sinclair, and Doheny. Many a myth is neatly punctured. For example, we learn that Penrose did not manage the Republican convention from his sickroom in Pennsylvania, or even manage the Pennsylvania's delegation; we learn that Daugherty never uttered the sentence about "Fifteen men in a smoke-filled room at two a.m."—that the best part of that picture came from a newspaperman's brain; we learn that no possible doubt exists that Jess Smith came to his death by suicide and not murder. There are a number of illuminating anecdotes here. One is the story of what two unhappy guests at the White House saw and heard the night after Jess Smith's suicide. Another is the story of how Louis Seibold of the *World* so angered Harding by merely sitting in a press conference that the President made one of his unhappiest appointments out of pique.

Brown Bros.

THE CANDIDATES IN 1920

Will Hays and Mrs. Harding see the Senator greet his running-mate, Governor Coolidge. From "The Twenties."

When we add that there is the usual melange of piquant notes on social and cultural history in the latter half of the book, it will be seen that it is as nearly indispensable as its five predecessors. Mr. Sullivan does not pretend to give us a well-rounded history. He omits, we should say, about four-fifths of the matters that future historians of the years 1920-25 will think important. He does not pretend to penetrate far beneath the surface. The tariff is hardly mentioned; the farm revolt is glanced at in a few allusions; war debts come in casually and briefly. In the record of the Washington Naval Conference Senator Borah is shoved aside in half a dozen lines, and while Hughes gets more generous treatment, the Conference is treated primarily as Harding's achievement. In treating the reduction of hours in the steel industry, the author gives organized labor, the press, and the Interchurch World Foundation no credit; again it all goes to Harding. In short, we have here a jumbled, erratic, superficial, and decidedly journalistic record on some pages, an expert, documented, shrewd, and enlightening record on others, and a delightful book everywhere. The six volumes are an achievement of high merit. They have probably done more to interest people in American history than anything else written in our generation. If they do not permanently affect historical writing in this country, and give men more courage in attacking recent problems and events, we shall be greatly disappointed.

Heavens and Hells

MR. WHITE, THE RED BARN, HELL, AND BRIDEWATER. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $1.25.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

THIS is a peculiar little book of four stories with a rather rambling but interesting preface. Yet this book has more depth, it seems to me, than some of Mr. Tarkington's adult novels. From pondering on the constitution of human happiness and the fool's paradise in which we live, Mr. Tarkington began to wonder whether we mortals might be less fools "did we suspect we might be immortal." Out of that grew these stories.

There is the story of the strangely significant return of Mr. White, that (and the best one to my way of thinking) of how Loom Pallafrey created his own world in the red barn, the extraordinary story of how George Bolling found out he was in Hell, and finally the O. Henryesque tale of Mr. Bridewater and his complete misunderstanding of Miss Pency. In all these stories the emphasis is upon the strange twists taken by human nature; and the middle two are highly original.

Booth Tarkington's place is really among our native American humorous writers, though he began as a romancer. When he has attempted avowedly serious and significant novels he has usually stubbed his toe. But average human nature in all its peculiarity is something he knows a good deal about—and now he seems to know something more about the heavens and hells it creates for itself.

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Duranty of Moscow

I WRITE AS I PLEASE. By Walter Duranty. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

THERE is a legend, I have heard it but I don't vouch for it, of an American who, on his first day in Moscow, tried to see Joseph Stalin to get from him a letter of introduction to Walter Duranty. Having been, for the better part of a decade, the eyes and ears with which millions of Americans watched the greatest of all contemporary experiments, namely that of the Soviets, Duranty has now written a book and, as if to demonstrate what odd folks publishers are, his have devoted the back page of the dust cover to "introducing Walter Duranty." You would think that a man had to be born again, when he wrote a book!

This book which Duranty has written is the best newspaperman's story of the job of a reporter that I have ever encountered. If any young chap hankering after a foreign correspondent's life asked me for advice, I should say to him:—"Son, read this book, this man has got everything there is on the ball. It's all there." So much, however, you would expect of any book Walter wrote. After all, he has been the greatest foreign correspondent who has written for the English-speaking world in the post-war years. There have been, to be sure, Dorothy Thompson and Edgar Ansel Mowrer in Berlin and John Guenther in Vienna, but I am satisfied they would be proud to be mentioned with him, rather than jealous that he was put out in front.

But the present volume is something more than a great foreign correspondent's memoirs. On the whole these are generally pretty sad affairs. Every correspondent abroad meets innumerable celebrities and has a front seat at endless performances which, as he dutifully records, "are destined to make history. . . ."

In this case, however, an incredibly varied experience is integrated by a real personality, by an individuality rich in inner reserves and, as a consequence, what you get is Duranty, himself. The book is the man, and the man manages to keep above the mêlée. When I was a young legislative correspondent, Louis Seibold, who was the dean of us all in those days, gave me a memorable bit of instruction. "Frank," said he, "in dealing with public men, always talk down to them, damn them." That, I think, is the sense of Walter's title, "I write as I Please."

It's a bit of brag on the face of it. You can hear the voice of George Seldes inquiring a little cynically—"Yes, Walter, but do *they* print it?" "They" standing for the editors, dominated by what a generation ago was known as "the interests" and now referring, perhaps, to the "international banker," for whose sad lot "Tom" Lamont has recently shed so many public tears. But what Duranty means by his boast is something wholly different. He sets it down, simply and memorably. He says: "I suppose that the real answer to the problem of end and means is belief, and passionate single-minded earnestness. The Bolshevists have that and I respect them for it, but I have not got it and do not want it. I generally see too many sides to the question to be quite sure which one of them is true, and in my heart of hearts I am inclined to pity single-minded people as being somehow deficient in unbiased judgment."

MR. DURANTY TAKES A VACATION
At a watering place somewhere in Europe. Photographs by Hubert Knickerbocker.

It is hard to imagine a simpler or more all-sufficing statement of a reporter's *Credo* and I am using the term reporter as one who believes that it is the highest point in what the world describes vaguely as journalism. And there is more of the same:

> What I wanted, I thought, and what I still want, I know, is to see and hear new things, and to find out—to find out the great things of world affairs and the small things in people's minds, not for any profound purpose, good, bad, or indifferent, but for my own interest. . . .

The publishers of Walter Duranty's book have put on the front page of the dust-cover an endorsement of it by Vincent Sheean and any praise from that source is high praise, indeed. But the contrast of the writings of the two men illustrates Duranty's point. Sheean stands on the sidewalk, watching a great political demonstration pass. Little by little the spirit of the marching throngs, the music of the bands, the faces of the marchers, grip him and, first he is out in the street marching, and then, he is carrying a banner.

Duranty, watching the same spectacle, never leaves the curb. As a great reporter he doesn't miss a detail, nothing that is picturesque, human, moving, will be absent from his story. But he remains detached, his judgment, his reason, his self-control of his own emotions and sympathies—for he has them—enable you and me, far away from the music and the faces and the banners to see the thing with our minds and not to be stampeded by our emotions. I am not trying to suggest that Duranty's way is better than Sheean's, but I do believe it is a more profitable way for those of us who cannot see with our own eyes.

Anyhow, it's the reporter's way. It is all that there is in the more or less maligned and somewhat mysterious job of the journalist who is trying, with all he has in him, to make the readers of his newspaper understand what is happening without forcing them to take his word for what it means. Duranty can make you cry just as well as Sheean, but he won't inspire you with a desire to enlist, to grab a banner from the slipping fingers of some comrade whose hands are becoming frozen, and go along with the procession. And, he doesn't want to. He has seen wars, revolutions, battlefields, he has seen typhus and grippe, he has felt death threatening him in the dark and in the light. And he is brave enough to tell you how scared he has been, though he was never scared enough to lose his curiosity.

The two decades and more since Duranty started to write about the war in France have made him hard boiled. He has seen a village in France after a French battery of seventy-fives had caught a German battalion and abolished it. He has seen the results and smelled them. A plan to go out with some soldier friends in a tank raid is spoiled by a minor detail, and an hour later, the charred bodies of his friends are brought in. He wakes in a Latvian train one morning to find the guards rolling a dead body out from the berth beneath him and one of them tells him:—

"Yes, spotted typhus. Lucky it hard car, lice stay with him, they no like

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wood. In soft car, they come bite us, then we have typhus, too.

In Warsaw, Duranty runs into a Polish Red, who says to him,—In the troubles here in the winter of 1905-06, I was a student in the University and went out with the others to demonstrate. My sister went with me, who was about sixteen, romantic as girls are at that age, but sweet and pretty and I loved her very much. Then the Cossacks rode us down in the square where stood the Russian cathedral. Do you wonder why we pulled that cathedral to bits and flattened out the place where it had been?

The thing about Duranty is that he has been so far behind the scenes, so far out and beyond the experience of most of us, that he has discovered that to lose your intellectual and emotional balance in the face of the stupidities and brutalities of life, is to destroy your power to tell the thing as it is and thus contribute the only help there can be to stopping them. He sees human nature alike in the dark and in the sunlight.

But after all this is Duranty of Moscow and most of his book is about Soviet Russia. As to his discussion of the Soviet Union, his record of fifteen years of living with it, of growing up with it, and of watching it grow up, has made the experiment seem more real to me, who have never been to Russia and have no knowledge of the facts, more real, more comprehensible than any other account. The reason is, of course, Duranty. He started anti-Bolshevist, and he never became a Red. One by one, however, he dropped his prejudices and his preconceptions. He recognized what was Asiatic and what part Asia played in a phenomenon that we think of as economic.

At the end he hasn't got any answer. It's like all his other experiences in the post-war world, these years in Russia. Duranty wants to find out all he can about it, his curiosity never fails. He doesn't get bored, indignant. He's no good to those who want a witness to damn the whole experiment. He's not much more use to those who want an endorsement. But for you and me and the rest of us, who are trying to understand, to know what communism looks like, feels like, acts like—yes and, as Walter would say smells like too—his book is invaluable. He never lets you down. He doesn't try to sell you something in the last chapter or prevent you from buying it if you want. He writes as he pleases.

Like every successful reporter, moreover, Duranty owes a debt to another. In his case it is to William Bolitho, who was tragically cut off just as he reached his prime. Duranty gives you a memorable glimpse of this very great journalist and of his professional point of view. And I mention this detail, because I think Duranty would want me to. He is like that about his friends, is Walter.

Frank H. Simonds, a veteran newspaper correspondent, is the author of numerous books on foreign affairs.

A Gibson Girl from the Middle West

EDNA, HIS WIFE. By Margaret Ayer Barnes. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

DEPARTING from the dignified brownstone setting of Chicago's North Side, Mrs. Barnes has nevertheless remained faithful to the years of grace between 1890 and 1935. In this new novel there is an overlapping of the social backgrounds of Blue Island and Bank Street. This gives her a wider field for playing with her special aptitude for the reminiscent minutiæ of departed days, and gives variety and zest—a homely plebeian flavor—to the well-born, socially secure, intelligent, and generally affluent characters of her earlier novels. Their problems, even during the lean years

DRAWING BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE
From the jacket of "Edna His Wife."

when financial necessity nipped some of the leaves of luxury, were problems of personality and spiritual conflict. But at least they knew the rules and when they departed from them they did so knowingly and with a certain amount of grace and assurance.

With Edna, the case is different. She is unalterably middle-class, and none of the changes of scene or status through which she was transported by her husband ever affected the essential Edna, whose great honey-colored pompadour and baby blue eyes and provocative dimples caught the eye and deflected the single track mind of Paul Jones who knew that he was going to be one of the country's spectacular lawyers.

The story of Edna's marriage to the brilliant, handsome, ambitious Paul is the not unfamiliar one of a mismated husband and wife. How far one can travel in marriage on the lure of honey-colored hair and dimples varies with the traveller's needs. Women were not Paul's primary interest. His career was his mistress. He knew that Edna had neither the brains nor the background to follow him into the milieu of his new legal associates. But he knew, too, that "Paul's Plight," as they called her, was negligible in comparison with Paul's promise and his charm for men and women. If she failed him, he failed her more subtly.

In "Edna, His Wife" Mrs. Barnes has done a difficult thing. She has been tender towards stupidity without being sentimental about it. In too great detail perhaps, she has recorded the painful history of a commonplace woman who is loyal, loving, and unselfish, and whose material reward for these virtues is abundant, but who is, in middle age, almost a symbol of futility.

One Man's Madness

BEANY-EYE. By David Garnett. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $1.25.

THIS latest of David Garnett's characteristically brief novels is the psychological study of a queer character out of the author's childhood, while the episodes in which he is involved are both remembered and imaginary. From the first sight, by the narrator's father, of "the silhouette of the black shovel . . . whirling against the sky at the ends of black diabolic arms," we know that "Beany-Eye" is to be a menace. His violent temper was notorious and he had just emerged from prison. But the absorbing interest of the story resides—and it is absorbing—in the innocently strange workings of a brain that suffered from its profound ignorant suspicion and finally went over the boundary into madness through its inability to understand life. The father of the narrator attempts to deal in humanitarian fashion with this pathetic but dangerous being whom he takes into service; and the story of the father's courage and sense in the face of what happened is good to read about. Many of the incidents are witnessed by "the boy that was then." If the communications in Part Three of the little book, purporting to have been written by Joe Starling (who was "Beany-Eye"), have actually been invented by Mr. Garnett, they are no less than masterpieces in their crazy pathos, and the description of the final accomplishment of the father in regard to Beany-Eye's future is full of suspense.

The story is not without its own peculiar humor. As to style, Mr. Garnett's has been praised until it is almost wearisome. The fact remains that he writes with scrupulous economy and with completely expressive clarity. We should by no means call this the best of his novels—in fact, it is hardly a novel at all. But as a study of an afflicted human being it leaves a decided impress upon the mind.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Some Literary Statistics

ENGLISH teachers of thirty American and Canadian colleges have coöperated in drawing up a list of 1000 books "well worth reading," and from this list, 1683 students in fifty-three colleges have made up their own list of the fifty best liked, while the faculties of fifty-five colleges have selected from the list of 1000 another group, this time of the fifty books most often recommended to their students for reading. The two groups of fifty each—one the faculty's, the other the students'—should supply an interesting comparison in taste, and they do.

The teachers' list is safe and sound, but shows a rather narrow range of intellectual curiosity and a strong tendency to keep on recommending what the text books for fifty years have said were good books for the young. No book written before the eighteenth century appears, not even Shakespeare, but this presumably is because of some restriction on date in the original 1000. Only two of the fifty teachers' books come from languages other than English. Not one is chosen from the writing of the last five years. No poetry appears except "Cyrano de Bergerac," which may have been read in a prose translation. Does this mean that poetry is never recommended? Probably not, yet it is a curious omission whether on the list of 1000 or the list of fifty. Those old school and college standbys—"Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," "The Scarlet Letter," and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "Westward Ho," "The Cloister on the Hearth," and "Kenilworth," are on the teachers' list but, except for the "Scarlet Letter," are noticeably absent from the students' selection. With reason, we think. "Silas Lapham" is good American historical background, but it is questionable whether the change in taste and in the purpose and organization of narrative has not gone so far as to justify the student in putting Reade and Kingsley on the back shelf and reserving Scott and George Eliot for a second list of reading. One suspects also that the teachers are remembering what was popular in their own younger days, when they urge "The Little Minister" and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" upon their pupils.

In the students' list, it is certainly remarkable that ten instead of two books are from other tongues than English, especially since among these ten, and not mentioned by the teachers, are Tolstoy, Sigrid Undset, Voltaire, Boccaccio (not so surprising considering school boards), and Victor Hugo. Less surprising is the greater uncertainty of taste. If the teachers go in for the conventional, the students have a weakness for the best-seller type. Warwick Deeping has persuaded them, and also Lloyd Cassel Douglas and Richard Halliburton, whose books seem a little out of place in a list that might be called highbrow. Yet it is heartening to see how aware are these students of the strong trends of contemporary literature. "Anthony Adverse" elbows (with some surprise one would think) "An American Tragedy." Eugene O'Neill is represented by two plays. Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" is there and belongs there. If their history tends to the journalistic—Ludwig and Zweig—they vote with their masters for Lytton Strachey. Their intellectual interests are more uncertain, less safe, but keener and broader than those indicated for the faculty.

Fifteen books and thirteen authors appear on both of the two lists. Dickens, Fielding, Hardy, Hawthorne, Galsworthy, Sinclair Lewis, Rostand, and Thackeray were to be expected. But agreement as to Strachey, Charlotte Brontë, Hudson, and Edith Wharton is not so easy to understand with a thousand books to choose from. And it is interesting to note that Kipling is upon the teachers' list only, but neglected by the youngsters, as are also Mark Twain, Thoreau, and Stevenson. Here is the youth of one generation challenging the taste of the youth of its predecessors. Interesting too, that the students should have added "Wuthering Heights" to "Jane Eyre," should have omitted that rebels' book, "The Way of All Flesh," should be still unconverted to Trollope, and oblivious to the hullabaloo over the rediscovered "Moby Dick."

Of the eighty-two books recommended in all by either students or faculty, sixty-three are fiction, and this should give pause to both men of letters and educators, especially since the percentage runs almost the same for faculty and students. Surely seventy-six percent of the best books for reading and recommending in the last two hundred years has not been fiction, even if (as seems probable) poetry has been omitted from the statistics. And of the remainder, five on the teachers' list and three of the students' list are drama. And in what is left some books are weak or merely topical. Does this indicate a lack of fibre in the reading taste of Americans? Must seventy-six percent of the nourishment for their minds and imaginations come by the easy path of fiction? This is what these advisers as well as the advised seem to think. Educators should note.

We distrust all lists of recommended books, having had a share in making too many. Accidents of memory, experience or the lack of it, prejudice, and propaganda, too often enter into the compilation. The background of these two lists, however, does inspire confidence, at least in the intention of their sponsors. The purpose is clearly to say what books youth in colleges today should be advised to take on for general reading. And upon the result some general comments may be made.

It would seem that a careful, not a chance, selection of strictly current books should be made for young readers, running from ten to twenty per cent at least on a given general list. Readers of the college age are irresistibly attracted, and rightly so, toward the books which record the imagination of an adult world into which they are just entering. It is not enough to give them literature of twenty or even five years ago.

And last, but highly important, no list of recommended books for general reading is good unless it is balanced. We have learned today to take most of our literary nourishment in the form of fiction, but let us not make that retroactive. The general reader can now be tricked into absorbing anything from biography to science—if only it is put into narrative form. If his background reading has been 76% fiction, that is just what might be expected. He is conditioned to narrative, and must have narrative, even if it is the worst medium for what the author has to say. Be fair to the past, list makers, and you will do better by the oncoming generation of readers.

Ten Years Ago

1925 was the date chosen by Mark Sullivan to close his chronicle of "Our Times," covering the first quarter of the century. He finished his first volume, "The Turn of the Century," in that year, and it was reviewed and recommended by William Allen White in The Saturday Review for April 3rd, 1926. *"If he can keep up his spirit and retain his joy in the forthcoming volumes,"* wrote Mr. White at that time, *"Mark Sullivan will have written for the people of his time a Boswellian chronicle, affectionate, unsparing, intelligent, but not tedious; the work of a partisan of a democracy who knows its faults and never spares them."*

Today

On page 5 of this issue, Allan Nevins reviews "The Twenties," the sixth and concluding volume of "Our Times." Mr. Nevins writes: *"The six volumes . . . have probably done more to interest people in American history than anything else written in our generation."*

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Letters to the Editor: *The Dedication of "Europa;" Happy Marriages and Fiction*

Daughter of Phoenix

SIR:—In response to numerous inquiries about the dedication* of my novel, "Europa," I should like to take the opportunity of explaining it. I have neither my classical shelves nor Roscher's Lexicon by me, so have to trust mostly to memory. In late Hellenistic versions usually reproduced in classical dictionaries, Europa is called the daughter of King Agenor of Tyre. But surely Homer is a better authority, although even he knows nothing of the original myths. In the Iliad, Europa is the daughter of Phoenix, king of Tyre. It doesn't, of course, very much matter, for Phoenix (transformed in legend into a bird), Agenor ("the unborn"), Melkart, Tammuz, are all forms of the Western Asiatic dying and resurrecting god. Melkart-Phoenix was each year at Eastertime burnt in his temple at Tyre, and rose again on the third day out of his ashes. See "The Mothers," iii, p. 103. Europa herself is, of course, a form of the Western Asiatic Great Goddess, the Moon-goddess Isthtar, Aphrodite, etc. She was worshipped in Crete under the name, among others, of Hellotis. The whole thing is a form of the universal moon-myth. In Euripedes, instead of riding the bull across the water, Europa rides "the horned moon." (Hence the absurdity of the drawing on the jacket of my book, where the bull is a shorthorn.) Europa becomes the mother of Minos, Rhadamanthys, and Sarpedon, the final judge of the dead (also the three phases of the moon) whose usual epithet is "incorruptible." Europa is called somewhere "the mother of incorruptible judgment." In Greece, European civilization was born, uncorrupted at first by oriental mysticism.

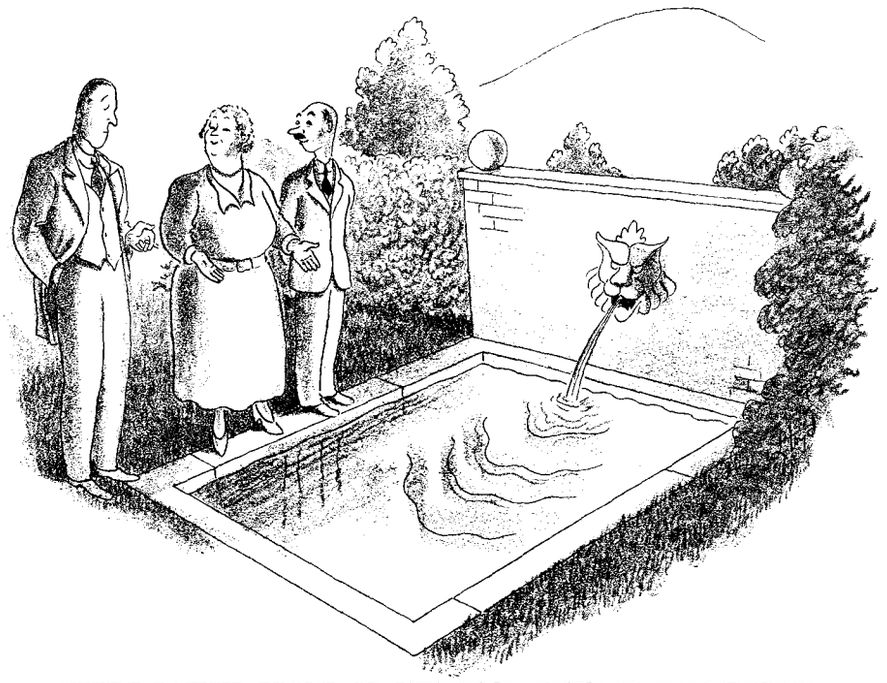
Like all applications of syncretic Greek myth, the thing can, you see, be interpreted in a dozen ways. My "Europa," written by a good European, in Europe, about Europe, was borne to success across the waters to America, upon the broad shoulders of Kyle Crichton, the divine deliverer descended from Heaven. She is the progeny of R. B., who, after being pretty well bowed down to the dust, is enjoying, in a transformed avatar, a brief, temporary resurrection. And I hope that she is, in her fundamental ideas, the mother of judgment, sound and uncorrupted by the poisons of bourgeois ideology.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

* To Kyle Crichton. Borne over the waters upon broad shoulders, / the mother of incorruptible judges, Europa, / progeny of resurgent phoenix, is inscribed.

"The Wedge"

SIR:—Mr. Heywood Broun in the issue of October 5, 1935, is at a loss to understand what prompted Mr. Hermann B. Deutsch to choose what he calls a nondescript label for the story entitled "The Wedge." He continues to call the novel a "vastly exciting tale of the adolescence of Mexico and of a certain boy." May I say here that this certain boy's name is Enrique Alferez, who illustrated the book, and whose early life is so dramatically pictured in the book?



"WE'RE RATHER PROUD OF THIS POOL. RICHARD HALLIBURTON JUMPED OVER IT."

As for the title, it must be said that Mr. Broun does not stand alone. The reviewer in *The New Yorker* uttered the same complaint; and yet the title, "The Wedge," was the most appropriate one that could have been chosen. The incidents related in the book, and the development of the characters created show plainly that this book tries to depict *the wedge* driving in between the old and new orders in Mexico.

CHARLES F. HEARTMAN.

New Orleans, La.

Book Needed?

SIR:—If I were to write a book on successful marriage under the title "Whom God Hath Joined Together" what towering examples should be included. I do not suppose that I will ever take time out of a busy rural minister's life to write this, but I feel sure that such a book is needed. I wish that some one better qualified than I could do it.

Wendall and Ann Phillips
Robert and Elizabeth Browning
Professor Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer
The Lyman Beechers
The Joseph H. Choates
The Stevensons
The Houdinis
The Will Rogerses

are a few that just come to mind.

I have just been been reading the back files of *The Saturday Review*, also of *Time* and *News Week*, especially the book reviews.

I do not have time to read many novels, but if the reviews are accurate, the picture which contemporary fiction gives of American life does not seem to have much place in it for what my wife and I think, with Charles R. Brown, is "the Matterhorn of all spiritual experiences." Alfred Tennyson wrote to a young friend of his about to be married, "Your foot is on the bottom round of the ladder that leads to Heaven." We feel that youth in America needs a picture of the joy of married life, normal, happy "till death us do part" love, love which responds with joy to the vow to "Keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live" and never regrets the vow.

What other examples do you or your readers think should be included in such a compilation? And do you not think it is needed?

OTIS MOORE.

Tipton, Iowa.

The Mysterious Paragraph

SIR:—The Mark Twain paragraph which E. B. Foote asks about in your issue of October 26 is to be found in Mark Twain's "Autobiography," Vol. II, pp. 37-8. It was first published in *The North American Review* for October 5, 1906.

DE LANCEY FERGUSON.

Western Reserve University,
Cleveland, Ohio.

"1601"

SIR:— May I have the courtesy of your columns for the following notice and request. I am compiling a check-list of all the editions of Mark Twain's "1601" or "Fireside Conversations in the Time of Queen Elizabeth." This bit of Twainiana was printed by many presses at various times. A collation of the edition, with the name of publisher, place, and date is desired.

IRVIN HAAS.

581 Snediker Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Old Devil Cotton

A SIGN FOR CAIN. By Grace Lumpkin. New York: Lee Furman, Inc. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

PERHAPS not the least reason for the present popularity of proletarian fiction is that in a complex world the direct antagonism of the oppressed poor and the wicked rich gives to the writer and his reader a pleasant simplicity in conflict, a galloping drama in which all who write and read can participate with that pure emotionalism which equally attends the contention of cotton mill workers and cotton mill barons, landlords and sharecroppers, Saracens and Christians, Yorks and Lancasters, cowboys and Indians. Indeed, those who look for romance in the South today see only the obvious in Stark Young. Beyond him some of the young proletarians are as writers a good deal nearer to Thomas Nelson Page than to Karl Marx. Still believing that life and literature are patterned by the warfare of the perfectly good and the perfectly evil, our radicals are our new romantics and as such in an incurably romantic world deserve the popularity that has been accorded them.

Certainly in "A Sign for Cain," her new novel of a South in which black and white sharecroppers come to a new communistic solidarity and determination while aristocrats and landlords fall to a new murderous decadence, Grace Lumpkin has written a story which is a good deal more exciting as fiction than it is satisfying as a study of the baffling, complex, and pitiful problem of farm tenancy. It might be a good thing for the South if the evils of tenancy were simple matters of brutality, repression, and rapaciousness. They attend it undoubtedly, as they attend also the relationship of white man and black man within it. Unfortunately, however, many who have studied the problem with as much sympathy as Miss Lumpkin possesses, have found that tenancy regarded realistically is not quite so simple a matter, so simply to be solved by communism, as Miss Lumpkin suggests it might be. Indeed, if communism—which has had its own troubles on its own farms—could solve the tenant problem swiftly, then the communists ought to be welcomed to the Confederacy. But the very continuation—indeed, the growth—of economic slavery on the land in the South after those earlier radicals, the confident abolitionists, had had their way, makes it at least questionable whether present radical optimism is justified in the face of the record of that old devil, a plant called cotton, and the system which attends its growth.

Nothing that Miss Lumpkin has written of the reactionary stupidity and brutality of some landlords and sheriffs in some small Southern communities is in any wise incredible. Indeed, the length of rubber hose, which can be applied with all the force necessary to torture without leaving a bruise or a broken bone, is an instrument of crime detection as common in the South as in the Eastern cities. There are families in the South in just such a process of decay as that which marks the Gaults, who with their Negroes go the way of disgrace and tragedy in Miss Lumpkin's book. There are such families everywhere and in every class. Degeneracy is not the exclusive possession of either those who were rich or those who were great. There are drunkards and weaklings to be found even among the oppressed. There are in the South, even in little towns, a good many more men than Bill Duncan, the native communist editor, who are concerned for decency and justice for tenants as well as landlords, for Negroes as well as for white men. And a Southerner of whatever radical or conservative views must shake his head at Miss Lumpkin's suggestion that the white man who went drunk into the jail personally to shoot a Negro prisoner, charged with a murder which the white man had committed, would be a community hero, probably to be rewarded by election to the Legislature. The South lets its lynchers disappear, as it ought not to do. But the South, like other sections, does not make public heroes of those who do its dirty work.

Ossip Garber
GRACE LUMPKIN

As a serious study of serious conditions, Miss Lumpkin's book is not worthy of great consideration. But as the communistic propaganda for which it was designed, it is excellent. Its heroes and villains are too much the figures of melodrama to seize and hold our steady sympathy but some of the minor figures are excellently portrayed. All in all Miss Lumpkin has written a lively piece of propaganda. Certainly if all of those who wrote for the revolution had her skill the reds and the whites in America would already be fighting in the streets.

Erskine Caldwell's Social Criticism

SOME AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

ERSKINE CALDWELL offers this, his first work of non-fiction between covers, as a travel book. In a sense it is that. It is a record of his movements in the United States from May 1934 to May 1935. But to me the little volume seems primarily an attempt at social criticism. The sections in which he reports his travels and the persons he encountered by chance are inferior to the rest in which he describes the conditions of people who had his intelligently felt sympathy long before May, 1934. He is at his best—naturally enough—in dealing with his native South. In fact, the last sixty pages of the book, under the general title of "Southern Tenant Farmers," tell me more about the South than his novels and short stories; but he could have written them without going there in 1935.

Caldwell, in this book, is never ineffective; he is too good a writer for that; however, compared with the last sixty, the first two hundred pages are lame stuff. The section on Detroit, for instance, is interesting, but too statistical and superficial. The fact that he does not know automobile workers nearly as well as tenant-farmers sticks out on every page. For such writing as Caldwell engages in, to be fully effective, one must know more than statistics and a few surface facts about the Ford employees' gardens, the carelessness of Chrysler foremen, and so on. One must know that most of an industrial worker's life is deep below the surface. The worker himself, in the majority of cases, does not consciously suspect he has it in him. He can seldom articulate through his lips. He lives within himself, silent in his troubles; and to know him, one must be able to see meanings in the bend of his back, the flash of his eyes, the shape of his hands, and in his curses and self-conscious boasting. And one must be able to see and understand him also *en masse* as he comes, at the change of shifts, out of the plant and dashes from the gates, often full of spirit and at least momentarily satisfied in being what he is.

One must know about him what Caldwell so evidently knows about the Southern tenant-farmer who now is more of a worker than a farmer. Caldwell knows what the tenant-farmer wears and eats, what he has in his dwelling, what he does day or night; and the result is a piece of writing that convinces and evokes sympathy.

Louis Adamic is the author of "Laughing in the Jungle," the autobiography of an immigrant in America, a book which preceded his "The Native's Return."

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Egypt for Egyptians

DOCTOR IBRAHIM. By John Knittel. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL A. NOCK

AS a boy, Ibrahim, from Assiut in Upper Egypt, had one ambition. He wanted to be a doctor, that he might bring some relief to his Egyptian countrymen, who bore much more than their just share of woes.

Apparently Ibrahim was unselfish in his ambition from the start: certain it is that he went about his work of healing, thinking only of others. The disasters of his career were the result of his honesty and gentleness: his very bursts of rage and acts of violence were inspired by pity. Through all the imbecility and sloth of the British, through all the venality and cruelty of the Egyptians, the conduct of Dr. Ibrahim did not change. Even when he seemed to desert his people, it was only in the hope of being able to return to serve them better—a hope that fate did not allow to be fulfilled.

Almost the whole action of "Doctor Ibrahim" takes place in Egypt, an Egypt set before the reader in such fashion as to be convincing—although I, for one, cannot judge as to the accuracy of the picture. The two forces which the doctor combats, the weakness of the Egyptians and the dull arrogance of the British, make a formidable antagonism; they, too, are convincing, so convincing that one wonders just what can be said for either side in the battle of Egypt for the Egyptians.

"Doctor Ibrahim" is an enthralling tale, full of fascinating characters moving in a strange and exciting land. It is a book to read for the sheer excitement of the story; but it is a book to remember for the profound and moving insight into men and women which is so great a distinction of the author.

JOHN KNITTEL

ERNST GLAESER

A German Tragedy

THE LAST CIVILIAN. By Ernst Glaeser. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1935. $2.50.

JOHANN KASPAR BÄUERLE came with his parents to the United States, a small boy, penniless and friendless. By his own exertions he made a fortune which enabled him, after the war, to return to his native land and purchase an estate. In Siebenwasser, in Württemberg, he and his daughter settled down to live the life of good Germans, the life that Johann Kaspar had long dreamed. But that life was no longer to be found. Instead, there was despair and grief and folly and evil, which grew and increased, until the final madness of National Socialism swept all before it. Partly through the eyes of Johann Kaspar, partly through the eyes of the author, we see representative members of every class in Siebenwasser, from the officials of the government to the prostitute in the side street, caught in the irresistible torrent.

Better than any discourse could do, this novel answers the question so often asked by those who were not in Germany during the inflation, during the successive fiascos of the democratic regime, during the period of hopelessness that followed the war: How did the Germans ever come to let the National Socialists get absolute power? Herr Glaeser shows clearly enough how fanatical devotion to Hitler was inspired in many; how utter contempt for all that had been done encouraged others to follow Hitler; and how cold-hearted, cool-headed opportunists played foul politics to gain command. Poor and rich alike, good and bad, honest and disreputable, all sooner or later were carried away, willy-nilly, in the Brown flood.

Herr Glaeser makes clear why National Socialism came into being and gained control; he also makes clear that National Socialism is an evil growth, a monstrous wickedness in the hands of terrible though disgusting men. He makes clear that it is a madness which will make a mother eager to shed the blood of her son, a pestilence that makes beasts of men. The causes and the nature of Hitlerism are here.

"The Last Civilian," however, is no political pamphlet. It is a thrilling and moving story of men and women, who live and move from hope to despair, and from despair to unreason. It is a story of love and devotion, and of sin and cruelty and suicide. For a number of those who take part in the action of the novel, suicide is the only way out: there is no exaggeration in this account. The beginning of devotion to Hitler is despair, the end is death.

A number of the characters bear great resemblance to men in control of Germany today. Hitler appears in person; others do not. But such men as the crippled, sly Kalahne, and the Jew-baiting criminal Dern are much like leaders of the movement. The bitter nonsense which they speak is spoken every day in Germany.

"The Last Civilian" is written objectively. The author shows a sympathetic understanding of the motives of his characters, even the worst of them. Yet the very fact that he treats them dispassionately makes his condemnation the more effective. Glaeser's novel is no light pastime, but it cannot be thrown aside because of its tragedy: it is too well written—and too well translated—for that. And the very fact that a German can write such a story is a promise of a future beyond unreason, a hope for a life beyond life-in-death.

Bob Davis Recalls

TREE TOAD. By Bob Davis. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1935. $2.

ONE of the most popular men that ever labored in the magazine world is Robert H. Davis, also the world's most widely travelled newspaper correspondent. His syndicated material has been gathered into various books. He has known hundreds of writers and helped a great many to fame and fortune. Now he writes a story for boys about when he was a boy, some sixty years ago. But it's a story their parents can enjoy also. One of the later memories, of how the best carpenter in town read Herman Melville to Bob and his brother, leads into the "fabule" of the curse of gold and how white bears forever foiled Bob's brother Bill. That alone is worth reading for its trueness to boy nature. Also read at least how Bob got his childhood monicker of "Tree Toad," and the chapter called, "Measles, Mebbe." If you cared for Tom Sawyer when you were young, here are a couple of little Sawyers that are just as human.

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The Era of Fiery Genius

THE ROMANTIC REBELS. By Frances Winwar. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HEAVEN knows that there is voluminous biographical material upon Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Leigh Hunt! All you have to do to get an indication is to turn to Miss Winwar's bibliography at the end of the book now under consideration. She has gone through about a hundred and thirty volumes, to say nothing of magazine articles. This, of course, includes the complete works of the principal early nineteenth century writers she studies here. But what she has accomplished, which surely has never been done quite so well before, is the correlating of these lives and, as one might say, the interweaving of them into one superbly colored tapestry against the background of their time—making thoroughly plain their relationships to one another and bringing into the clearest focus an entire literary period.

Of course Miss Winwar has already demonstrated what she could do with a large group of people of genius in "Poor Splendid Wings," the story of the Rossettis, Swinburne, William Morris, etc. With that book she won the *Atlantic* $5,000 Non-Fiction Prize, a worthy award. But "The Romantic Rebels" should have an even greater interest for our own era, aside from the fact that Miss Winwar has the faculty of writing biography in a way that makes it, to me, much more absorbing than most fiction. The poets of whom she now writes found themselves in a world of ferment.

Tragedy, comedy, dreams, and frustrations, noble ideals, crass self-seeking, sober madness and mad insanity, whirled the sphere in a dance of passions. Into this unstable world Byron, Shelley, and Keats were born.

SHELLEY IN ROME
Painting by Joseph Severn; courtesy of the Shelley-Keats Memorial in Rome.

Certain parallelisms stand out: The French Revolution that promised so much to the idealists of that time—the Russian Revolution similarly hailed by the idealists of our own period. Visions today of the same bright fervor as those in which Condorcet and Godwin exulted. The perfectibility of Man—that persisting hope that poetic youth should and will ever raise as a banner. Sublime principles—idealistic hearts! It is true that today probably no Shelley would be expelled from a large university for writing a pamphlet on "The Necessity for Atheism"; but I am not sure of it, in some quarters, were the word "Atheism" replaced by the word "Communism." Today we have no Napoleon, to fulfil Schiller's prophecy to which Miss Winwar refers in her prologue—that the French Republic would pass away, anarchy follow, and a despot arise. But we certainly have worse despots on the Continent. Yes, the beginning of the nineteenth century has a number of points of similarity—although the political and economic ground has shifted—with this, the first half of the twentieth.

Quite aside from that fact, no three poets in English history have furnished in their lives more material for dramatic romance than Shelley, Byron, and Keats—the former two especially. Every element is here. Idealistic young love, and warped, dark tragic love. The later meeting and involvement in friendship of two natures in most ways as far apart as the poles. Rebellion against the organization of society. Exile. The dramatic deaths of the two principals. Keats, the archetype of a great poet dying young, lamented by Shelley in immortal verse, who died also in his young manhood. Byron and his sister, Augusta. Byron his own "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan"—and one of the greatest satirists in English. It is with all this infinitely rich material that Miss Winwar has dealt, as well as with the lesser, but most fascinating, characters of the period (many of them women) that were drawn into the whirl of these principal lives. Her organization of her material has excellence, seriousness, wisdom, humor, and a full appreciation of the stature of her protagonists.

She begins with Byron, and for a while develops the lives of Byron and Shelley almost in alternate chapters. Keats enters the book in Chapter XVI. One of the most terrific chapters is the description of the torture to which Byron put Annabella Milbanke after marrying her out of hatred. Miss Winwar makes completely plain the whole course of Byron's affair with his sister and how he revenged himself upon his wife, in his torture of conscience and endeavored, by warped processes of thinking, to lay the blame upon *her*. Also, in the course of the Shelley and Byron story, Miss Winwar controverts other biographers in declaring her belief that Byron *did* forward Mrs. Shelley's letter to the base Hoppner who had traduced Shelley. Also, in her pages, we now see Harriet Shelley's last days more clearly. Also she retails a report that, on the fatal and final voyage, the crew of another vessel heard Shelley refuse to be taken aboard by them and saw him prevent Williams from reefing sail. Did that argue wilful suicide in the face of the storm then blowing? None will ever know.

I can confidently recommend this book to the layman. It is possessed of the most vivid narrative interest.

FRANCES WINWAR

Two Poems*

By EMILY DICKINSON

I

A TOOTH upon our peace
The peace cannot deface.
Then wherefore be the tooth?
To vitalize the Grace.

The Heaven hath a Hell
Itself to signalize,
And every sign before the place
Is gilt with sacrifice.

II

She staked her feathers, gained an arc,
Debated, rose again,—
This time beyond the inference
Of Envy—or of Men.

And now among circumference
Her steady boat be seen—
At ease among the billows
As the bough where she was born.

* These two poems will appear in "Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson," edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson, and shortly to be published by Little, Brown & Company.

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The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

A Casual Anthology

Just Noise

"PRECISELY the thickness of population, of which in every country we are proud today, is the thing that most militates against individual distinction. . . . The other thing that today inhibits greatness is just plain noise. Any one who shows himself as a little above the rank of a taxicab driver is so pestered with interviews, sound motion pictures, teas, letters from admirers, that he can not continue to do his work. Being a celebrity is very near the opposite of being a great man.

—Sinclair Lewis,
This Golden Half Century
(*Good Housekeeping* Magazine, May '35)

Ice-Water and Fire-Water

"The waiters even in the best hotels and restaurants do not appear to have shaken off the prohibition complex. They never seem to think of offering you any wine, and when you ask for a bottle, they wrap it up tightly in a napkin so that nobody can see what you are drinking and as soon as you have been served, the bottle goes back into the ice-pail, which is carefully concealed under the table.

"At first there seems very little place for wine between ice-water and fire-water."

—André Simon, *Wine in America*
(in *Burke's Index*, February 1935)

Time Exposure

"The other day, driving near Sayville, I saw a curious display of different colored panels stretching in rows across a large field. A sign explained that it was a Paint Testing Station of the American Lead Company. Apparently samples of different paints and colors were there exposed to weather to prove their staying power.

"It seemed an interesting analogy of what happens in the book trade."

—J. Nightwork, *Book of Analogies*

K. D.'s Gift to Harvard

SIR: Bowling Green, October 26, "But why, I hear someone asking, should Harvard be interested [in Sir Kenelm Digby]? Do any records still exist at Harvard of Sir Kenelm's gift [to the Harvard Library] which we know of only by hearsay allusion in the works of pious Richard Baxter."

What do you mean, "hearsay allusion"? You might hear a Haverford but not a Harvard man asking about "that noble and absolutely compleat Gentleman." Why, Sir, every Harvard man knows that his gift was valued at £60, that there were seventeen items whose titles are still to be found in the College Library Catalogue of 1723, and that they included such works as the *Bibliotheca de Ratione Studiorum* of Antonio Possevino S.J., the Works of Jacobus Alvarez, an Epitome of the *Annales Ecclesiastici* of Cardinal Baronius, Harphius' *Theologia Mystica*, and the *Poemander* of Hermes Trismegistus.

Really, Sir!

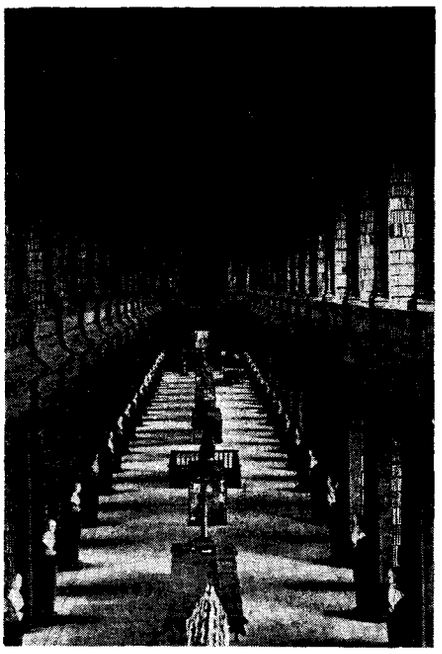
HARRISON C. DALE

P. S. See Morison, *Founding of Harvard College*, p. 267ff.

Miami University,
Oxford, Ohio.

Sun Dials

SIR: You recently mentioned on Radio about making a Sun Dial and that it did not work so good. I too about 20 years



TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY, DUBLIN

ago tried to make one and did a lot of looking around for a way of making one. I could not find any data in our Library in Brooklyn. But I did locate today something right up to the minute and that is "Circular of the Bureau of Standards, No. 402 SUNDIALS."

Send five cents to Supt. of Documents, Washington, D. C., and ask for a copy.

G. F. O.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Smallness of Bulk

"I was not so sensible of any lack of necessaries as of the deprivation of my bookes: which in all fortunes I had ever found my best companions . . . a volume of Albertus Magnus which I put into my pocket; invited thereto by the dignity of the subject, the excellency of the author, and the smallness of the bulk."

—Sir Kenelm Digby (quoted by E. W. Bligh)

A Letter from Ireland

SIR: From the moment I saw the Irish coast, grey and quiet and full of all the moist sweetness of an Irish autumn, I have fallen in love with this country. Its people, its humor, its spasms of inexpressibly acute melancholy combine to charm completely.

Visited E. Oe. Somerville, who writes her hunting stories and paints the Irish coast in a lovely rock garden overlooking the sea at Castletownsend. She showed me a canvas she had done of a poor old Irish woman, shawl over her head and two great dark eyes. "A rather tragic story about that old woman," she said. "The day I finished the canvas she stared at it for a moment and then the tears came racing down her wrinkled old cheeks. She told me: 'It's the first time I've seen my face in a glass since I was a young girl.'"

There's music in the air, even in the names of places. Near Killarney where I am staying is Aghadoe; not far are Anmagilymore, Dromdoohig, Gortacollopa, Scarteen, Shronedarragh, Anablaha, Gneeveguilla, Inchycullane, Rossacroonaloo, Clashnagarrane, Ardshanavooly.

Shades of Goldsmith and Burke are all through the lovely old library at Trinity College, Dublin. I was thrilled by the Book of Kells, the supreme example in the world of illuminated MS. The librarian let me turn a leaf, which is usually done only once a day. Incidentally T. C. D.'s librarian helped lay the water pipes from Wall Street in Broadway in 1882.

THAYER CUMINGS.

Killarney, Ireland.

Puzzles by "Caliban"

SIR:—The puzzle submitted by J. M. A. from Tokyo (Bowling Green, October 26) recalled the Train Problems of a few years back and the more recent Tennis Tournament. Of course Mrs. Johnson is the President and the following is the complete answer:

Persons	*Positions*
Mrs. Johnson	President
Mr. Brown	Vice-President
Mr. Fienberg	Cashier
Miss Leonard	Teller
Miss Gordon	Bookkeeper
Mr. O'Shaughnessy	Stenographer

Some time ago my attention was called to the problems appearing in the English *New Statesman and Nation* and con-

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ducted by "Caliban." In particular "The Seven Cuckoos" and "Mixed Foursomes" was entertaining; here it is:—

THE SEVEN CUCKOOS

Professor Graeme Atta is a curious old bird. He is frequently engaged in abstruse researches on ornithology, and, indeed, he has written many important monographs on the subject. His wife acts as his secretary, but accuracy in detail is not her strong suit. Quite recently Graeme Atta, who delights in writing to his correspondents in their own languages, wrote to seven of his European friends, with the intention of sending them monographs on birds in which they were severally interested. But his wife surpassed all her previous records of inaccuracy, with the result that each of his correspondents received a letter which was obviously intended for one of the others, and a monograph in which he was not particularly interested and which was not the one referred to in the letter which he received.

Kukushka, who was interested in the Eagle Owl, received a letter in Norwegian and a monograph on the Flamingoes of the Camargue, which should have been sent to Professor Coucoue. Coucoue received a letter in Italian and a monograph on the Avocet, which was intended for Dr. Koekoek, the distinguished Dutch scientist, who received a letter in Spanish and a monograph on the Arctic Bluethroat in which Kukker, who received the monograph of the Eagle Owl, was more particularly interested. Professor Cuculo, who was interested in the Bee-eater, received a letter in German, and Herr Kuckuck, who was interested in the Honey Buzzard, received a letter in French.

WHICH OF GRAEME ATTA'S CORRESPONDENTS RECEIVED THE MONOGRAPH WHICH WAS INTENDED FOR PROFESSOR CUCLILLO, AND IN WHAT LANGUAGE WAS THE LETTER WRITTEN WHICH WAS RECEIVED BY CUCLILLO?

Of all the "Caliban" problems perhaps the most discussed, and surely the most difficult, was that by Mr. M. H. Newman, entitled, "Caliban's Will." Many a long, wintry evening may be spent in its intricacies and solution

CALIBAN'S WILL

When Caliban's will was opened it was found to contain the following clause:

"I leave ten of my books to each of Low, Y. Y., and Critic, who are to choose in a certain order.

"No person who has seen me in a green tie is to choose before Low.

"If Y. Y. was not in Oxford in 1920 the first chooser never lent me an umbrella.

"If Y. Y. or Critic has second choice, Critic comes before the one who first fell in love."

Unfortunately Low, Y. Y., and Critic could not remember any of the relevant facts; but the family solicitor pointed out that, assuming the problem to be properly constructed (i. e. assuming it to contain no statement superfluous to its solution) the relevant data and order could be inferred. WHAT WAS THE PRESCRIBED ORDER OF CHOOSING; AND WHO LENT CALIBAN AN UMBRELLA?

If Britannia does not "rule the waves," at least it must be admitted that she has some grand problem-makers.

Chicago. A. NONYMO.

It might interest A. N. to know the identity of "Caliban," who is Mr. Hubert Phillips, author of many ingenious books of problems, puzzles and diversions. The perfect Christmas pleasure for devotees of this kind would be copies of *Caliban's Problem Book* or *The Sphinx Problem Book*, published by Faber and Faber in London (24, Russell Square, W.C.1). Mr. Phillips, in collaboration with Messrs. S. T. Shovelton and G. S. Marshall, has specialized in what he calls inferential problems—"which demand a modest mathematical equipment but also call for non-mathematical analysis."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HIDDEN WAYS *F. F. Van de Water* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Amateur sleuths solve perplexing murder of unknown victim by killer who couldn't get away—but did.	Bright, lively yarn, with N. Y. background, nice love-interest, and effective—if slightly "cooked up"—solution.	Agreeable
THE EUNUCH OF STAMBOUL *Dennis Wheatley* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Brave Britishers dare enmity of fat, fearful Turk and his cohorts to save nation for M. Kemal.	The customary escapes from death, knifings, connivings, and such stuff with double love interest and much chest-heaving.	Trivial
THE YELLOW ROBE MURDERS *Melville Burt* (Macaulay: $2.)	Death pursues purloiners of fortune in Buddhist jewels. Jerry Todd chases killer from Kentucky to Ceylon.	Mixture of mystery and adventure yarn. Something happening all the time, mostly incredible, but pleasant.	Average

New England Sees it Through

(*Continued from page* 4)

such an America as this. Its quiet face was eclipsed by the surging crowds. Its quiet voice, even if raised, was not heard. So, characteristically, instinctively, we withdrew. As a people, we kept on working, on the whole living frugally, as we always had. We studied. One good thing the new America brought us—we learned that a little education is good for everyone and too much is bad for us all. Farmers' sons and daughters went to college. Lines of class distinction wore away. We opened our eyes and saw everything which went on about us. But we said nothing. Nobody will ever know how many able writers lost their urge to speak during those confused and noisy years.

Then gradually we began to put forth an occasional remark. Robert Frost spoke:

> Something there is that does not love a wall—

Yes. A brief quiet fell. They heard. He had made an impression. Then the hullaballoo was on again. But *they had heard.* Almost, but not quite, they were weary of their own clamor. From time to time he spoke again.

> When I see birches bend to left and right
> Across the lines of straighter, darker trees,
> I like to think some boy's been swinging them—

Yes. They heard him. He was splendid. Robert Frost. A New England poet. Well, sure enough!—a New England poet at last.

Edwin Arlington Robinson also spoke.

> Whenever Richard Cory went down town
> We people on the pavement looked at him.
> He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
> Clean favored, and imperially slim.
>
> And he was always quietly arrayed,
> And he was always human when he talked;
> But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
> "Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

Robinson was heard, and there were others. But still they were only partially heard, and still they were feeling their way with words. The New Englander is not naturally so articulate as people of other heritages; he was feeling his way. He would be controlled; he must be controlled; his nature permitted of no other way of living or of describing life. And still there was much in the new novel's breadth of scope which the New Englander admired and respected and wished to use. Somehow he must strike the proper balance.

Then came what can never be better expressed by any other word than "crash." It was indeed a crash, not only of values but of false dreams and ideals and illusions. It was as if Americans had

(*Continued on page* 17)

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THE TALE OF GENJI

By LADY MURASAKI

The incomparable story of the life and amorous intrigues of Prince Genji translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley, is now for the first time, available at a popular price. "One of the world's great masterpieces of fiction—and I think the most beautiful, the most enchanting, of all. Waley's translation is a great achievement."—*Isabel Paterson.* "Wholly a delight. It brings sheer happiness by its truth, beauty, humor, its understanding of humanity and zest for life."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* "Fielding's 'Tom Jones,' with music by Debussy. . . . Vigorously alive. . . . It reads like the wind."—*Witter Bynner* (2 vols., over 1100 pages, frontispieces in color by Majeska, $5.00.)

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A long, rich story of American family life by the author of "Years of Grace" and "Within This Present." $2.50

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By EDWARD WEEKS

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"Informal and often penetrating comment on ways of dramatists and the nature of that wayward, and unpredictable being, a play."—*The Stage.* "A rare treat."—*New York Times Book Review.* $1.75

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By PERCIVAL WILDE

Six long one-act plays by the most popular dramatist writing in that field. A fine selection including 3 comedies, 2 satires and a drama. $1.75

Little, Brown & Co., *Boston*

The New Books

Biography

KENNETH GRAHAME. By Patrick Chalmers. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

A most interesting biography of the immortal author of "The Wind in the Willows," "Dream Days," and "The Golden Age." Here are Grahame's life, letters, and unpublished work. The tragedy of his life was the loss by hideous accident of his charming and gifted son, Alastair, a circumstance that shakes the heart of the reader as it is told here. As "One of Henley's Young Men," in the '90s, Grahame conceived a deep and lasting gratitude to William Ernest Henley for his appreciation of the young Scot's work. In Grahame existed a great-hearted gentleman of fine old lineage, but one also with a child's heart who, as his biographer opines, must always walk alone. The Bank of England realized later that his life had conferred upon it a distinction "comparable to that with which Charles Lamb honored the East India House." This is a careful rather than a brilliant biography, but a good view of the man.

W. R. B.

DIAGHILEFF. By Arnold Haskell in collaboration with Walter Nouvel. Simon & Schuster. 1935. $3.75.

The subject of this book called for a biographer who was the peer of its subject. Diaghileff was one of the most interesting men of the first third of the twentieth century. No other single person so powerfully affected the development of contemporary painting, music, or dancing. Lacking a Proust, a Saint-Simon, or even a Harold Nicolson, it makes little difference who writes such a book as this first life of the great catalyst. Mr. Haskell's is full of valuable information derived from Diaghileff's friend and collaborator, Walter Nouvel, and will serve as a source book for whoever eventually is sufficiently interested in the Diaghileff epoch to create a picture worthy of its producer.

Perhaps Mr. Haskell's chief handicap was time; it is still too early to gather in all the documents, all the as-yet-unpublished memoirs. Haskell saw a great number of people who knew Diaghileff, but the testimony of Fokine, of Massine, of Bronia Nijinska and, particularly, of Jean Cocteau, are absent. To be sure, their names occur in the narrative, but perfunctorily; and, aside from the history of Diaghileff's life in Russia, it is always a superficial record. The subject of the memoir, Sergei Pavlovitch Diaghileff, never for a moment comes to life, except in the scattered quotations from his collaborators' letters. Mr. Haskell has been polite when he should have been trenchant, naive when he should have been courageous, priggish when he should have been, as one assumes he is, a man of the world. One need not have known Diaghileff personally (as Mr. Haskell did) to transmit the ironic grandeur, the untidy nobility, the bulky charm which everyone who had any contact with him imitates as a superb parlor-trick for the rest of their lives.

The story of Diaghileff's ballet, his contribution to classic theatrical dancing, is told not through the mouth of the original collaborators, but with a deprecatory, adulatory, and muted voice of epigones. There is a "defense" of Diaghileff against Romola Nijinsky's "attack." This quarrel is silly insomuch as neither her husband nor her husband's friend is made any more real by the contention. The issue is only further confused. But Haskell is badly informed when he says it was Nijinsky's fault that the ballet season of 1916-1917 in America was a failure, that "Tyl Eulenspiegel," Nijinsky's last work, was a poor thing. The Italian bureaucracy at the Metropolitan Opera House sabotaged the Russian season. The dancer Sokolova, Haskell's single informant about the weakness of "Tyl," does not compare with any number of American critics and members of the audience who recall "Tyl" as a thrilling and achieved work. Haskell is a sincere enthusiast, a self-avowed Balletomaniac. Sincerity is not enough. He does not serve the art we both love by the gossip of his unmeasured and slipshod books.

L. K.

Fiction

SELINA. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harpers. 1935. $2.50.

This is another volume about Selina South, the little girl to whom Miss Kaye-Smith introduced us in "Summer Holiday." Selina is seven at the beginning of the present book, and nine at its close; she is an upper-middle class child in the eighteen-nineties; her younger sister Moira is a sturdy realist, but Selina herself is an imaginative little girl, given to the laborious writing of stories in exercise-books: in short, she is very like what Miss Kaye-Smith must have been.

Miss Kaye-Smith has remembered vividly, and set down beautifully those intense emotions of childhood, the sharper, like a needle-point, for being tiny. She has the raptures, the disappointments, the unaccountable fancies of children, and their bewildering position as refugees in a country whose language they speak so imperfectly that in moments of crisis they are unable to explain themselves; but she is no sentimentalist, for she shows that she remembers, too, the quality which exempts all normally situated children

(*Continued on page* 21)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 84)

CLARENCE DAY—"LIFE WITH FATHER"

I couldn't imagine Father being comforted by the Lord's rod and staff, or allowing anybody whatever to lead him to pasture and get him to lie down somewhere in it. I could see him . . . refusing point blank even to enter a pasture.

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New England Sees it Through

(*Continued from page* 14)

lived for years in the glare of crystal lamps and were suddenly thrust out into the uncompromising light of a winter morning.

But now suddenly it was New England's inning. Now suddenly the rest of the world was willing to listen to us. Not only willing but eager. America not only no longer resented New England or at best regarded it with the indulgent glance a college boy turns on his elderly aunt—outsiders were beginning to feel we here had something which they wanted, something permanent and desirable—a self-respect, a pride, a serenity that was important to a harried world.

And with this awareness of an audience the habit of speech is coming back to New England. We are talking again. We are publishing books. Once more we have not only poets but novelists. And we are neither forgetting nor copying after our earlier writers. We study them. We take pride in them. We have a similarity to them which is an outgrowth of kindred temperaments. It is no accident that Miss Jewett's Nan of "A Country Doctor," Mary Ellen Chase's "Mary Peters," the mother in Robert P. T. Coffin's "Lost Paradise," my Jen of "As the Earth Turns," and the main characters of two New England novels of last spring (Rachel Field's "Time Out of Mind" and my "A Few Foolish Ones") might all be patterned after the same woman. We all write of Maine and it would seem that there is a distinctive quality of spirit in Maine women which each of us senses and is bound to reproduce.

But there is one great difference between the New England writing of thirty years ago and that of today, a difference which I believe will increase with every book which is published during the years ahead. It is in the matter of *tempo*, of *immediacy*, of *vitality*.

To be sure, we are still writing of the past. Mr. Coffin writes of his ancestors and his own boyhood. Miss Chase writes of the days of clipper ships and up to the era of antique shops and stops there. Miss Field also writes of the coast in the old days, and of farming in the time of oxen, and of the adventures of a little wooden doll. To a degree we are all like the rest of New England—a little blind to the exact significance of the present.

But our attitude toward that past is not what Sarah Orne Jewett's was. Mary Ellen Chase may overestimate its charms but she is not wistful about it. She does not write regretfully, nor mournfully. There is none of the hush of a cemetery on a summer afternoon about her books. Rather, there is something of the resilience of a springboard, as in "A Goodly Heritage"; she seems to be saying, "This is a fine place from which to make a big jump!"

Even Robert Frost's early work seems now, in its still peace and patience, to be something to lay away in a chest like a keepsake. It does not reflect the vitality that is lately rumbling beneath us everywhere, like waves below our thin crust of Yankee caution. We see ourselves better in his more recent poems, and perhaps better still in the lusty, buoyant lines of Robert P. Tristam Coffin.

Working on my own last book was a curious experience. Day after day, as I wrote, I felt as if I were leading up to a gate which I could not pass through, nor even see over—but a gate, nevertheless, which would before too long be opened. I wrote a story of a Maine man who married in 1870 and I traced his life, and so the life of rural New England, through to his death in 1930. And there I stopped, because I could see no further. All the way down the years there had been a tightening, a fading, a closing up of activity in Gus Bragdon's community, and with his death there seemed to be little left of the neighborhood but ruins. I stopped there, for a novelist has no right to pose as a prophet, but perhaps I may say here how distant and strong the feeling always was in me that just ahead loomed something new and splendid which I could almost but not quite touch. I had reached the end of nothing but my own vision.

Gladys Hasty Carroll has written two novels of Maine, "As the Earth Turns" and "A Few Foolish Ones."

THE ALMOST INCREDIBLE STORY OF THE RECENT ARCTIC ADVENTURES OF DAVID IRWIN

LAST summer American newspapers carried an amazing news story of a young American named David Irwin who had been brought into Fort Churchill, far up in Canada, out of his mind, and almost starved.

ALONE—Where Even Eskimos Starve

Irwin had left Alaska years before, undertaking *single-handed* to probe the disappearance of the ill-fated Franklin Expedition, and to prospect the Coppermine district. After working as herder on Andy Bahr's famous reindeer trek, Irwin actually made a lone dash in dead of winter far north of the Arctic Circle, where natives had recovered relics left by Franklin years before.

How he survived where even Eskimos starved to death is a saga of raw courage, indomitable will.

JACK O'BRIEN, to whom Irwin told his story, is well able to describe the epic 3600 mile trek. He knows the far North well, and while with Byrd's First Antarctic Expedition drove a dog-team 1100 miles into the unknown.

Foreword by RUSSELL OWEN, famous N.Y. Times Correspondent, with Byrd at Little America. At all bookstores, $2.

ALONE ACROSS THE TOP OF THE WORLD

THE SAGA OF THE 3600 MILE JOURNEY OF DAVID IRWIN

as told to JACK O'BRIEN

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Our Times

Vol. VI

by

Mark Sullivan

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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$2.50

The Garden Murder Case
by S. S. Van Dine $2.00

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOME time ago my confrère, Mr. Morley, intended a remark about the Toy Town Tavern at Winchendon, Massachusetts. I don't remember whether he actually spoke of it in *The Bowling Green* or not. At any rate, the huge rocking horse that stands near Winchendon Station has been gazed upon by me for many summers. For Winchendon is right on the way to Peterboro—and I know of no more lovely sensation to a wicked old man than the cleanly, upland air and bright sunshine on that final part of the ride toward Monadnock. . . . Chris has spoken of being in a Pullman car at Bellows Falls, and also of being the only passenger in a car called *Talaria*. . . . Now Chris is a poet, and that was the proper sort of car for a poet, because, as you will remember, the talaria were the wings on the sandals of Hermes or Mercury. He has told me, very kindly, that he intended to tell the steward that I myself once wrote for his Bowling Green what he calls a grand poem about Pullman cars. He says, "It really should be framed in those little smoking compartments." Just for that—inflated by this praise, and also because I am late with my copy this week in an endeavor to make the train for Lynchburg, Virginia, being as I am to invade the South with a talk on Modern Poetry—just for that I am going to reprint the poem here just as it appeared in the Bowling Green yahrs and yahrs ago:

GREEN AISLES

Green aisles of Pullman cars
Soothe me like trees
Woven in old tapestries.
I love to watch the stars
Remote above the earth
In watery light,
While, in a lower berth
I whirl through night.

I love the mysteries
Others abhor:
From Upper Eight, a sneeze,—
That sterterous snore
Far down the aisle. I love
The net of green
That holds like treasure-trove
My clothes unclean.

Cherrywood spick and span
And patterned plush;
The rumble and the rush;
The blankets thick and tan,
All these my heart delight,—
The globe you click,—
Bells ringing in the night
When someone's sick.

Weird bumpings in the night,
Arrivals late
Where stations blaze with light
And bang with freight;
Elf lanterns down the track,
Dark flitting farms
Under a pale cloud-wrack,—
Each aspect charms.

I love to smoke a last
Slow cigarette
Where all ere breaking fast
Ablute and fret;
Then, as on wings of chance,
I plunge the night—
Pullmans, you spell romance
And snug delight!

Shortly after writing that, I remember, I ran into some formidable fellow—I think it was Clayton Hamilton, who declared himself after my scalp since he had just read my effusion and it was nothing at all like his trip last night down from Albany. He hadn't been able to catch a moment's sleep—and here I was singing the praises of Pullmans! As for me, I'm sorry I never capitalized those verses. They ought to mean a whole lot to the Pullman Company! . . . I shall think of them when I embark at Lynchburg early Saturday morning on my return flight to New York. The Pullman remains my airplane. I simply commend my soul to God and hope to wake up in the right place and all in one piece. . . . How can we relate Pullmans to literature? Or can we? I suppose we would get lynched if we spoke of trains of thought. I give it up anyway, and prefer, in the few moments that remain to me—you see I've got the platform manner already!—to tip my hat to a quite recent correspondent. . . . I thank Blanche Howe Sisley of Sisleys by the Sea in Seattle for her very nice frank letter, telling me what she liked in the *Review* and what she didn't like. But she's wrong about the poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson. She says he wasn't a poet at all, and wrote the essence of prose with a pure scientific attitude. I should say his attitude was rather one of profound human sympathy. And—not a poet? Dear Mrs. Sisley, merely turn to his Collected Poems! I'm going to read from these in Lynchburg, if I do nothing else. Read the poem "To a Dead Lady." In that poem Robinson has written one of the perfect lyrics of all time. I am as positive that that poem will live through the ages, for its exquisite music and miraculous phrasing, as I am of anything in this life.

My friend Mr. Morley and I were recalling it just the other day, on my first visit to his new study, a house in itself and called "The Knothole." . . . I was fortunate enough also to see several of the Morley children, whom I hadn't seen for years. Other youngsters came calling. Also I have recently been foregathering with two of my own children now in New York and environs, and have derived much pleasure and profit from it. "Shoot while you can!" I say to the Young Idea—and they do so, even before they see the whites of the enemies' eyes. Their certainty of opinion gets you right up on your toes. . . . Recently Mr. Canby held a soirée at his house dedicated to The Young Folks and so furious waxed the argument about everything under heaven that a sadder and wiser editor of the *Saturday Review* staggered to the office the next morning. . . . Toot! Toot! There goes my train. So long!

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE NINE TAILORS. By Dorothy Sayers. *Harcourt, Brace.*

NIJINSKY. By Romola Nijinsky. *Simon & Schuster.*

HOXIE SELLS HIS ACRES. By Christopher La Farge. *Coward-McCann.*

A Club Program in Literature

Mrs. W. A. C. of Penn Yan, N. Y., *who has been appointed by the local college club leader of a group to study contemporary literature, says she finds it difficult to plan a unified course in such a fluid medium, and asks for suggestions "to form a sort of backbone to keep us from scattering our efforts."*

PROBABLY the easiest way for Mrs. W. A. C. to arrange a consistent program would be to select a few broad topics and then build outlines for individual meetings on the scaffolding thus erected. She might for the first part of the season, at any rate, concentrate on American literature and take up successively contemporary developments in fiction, poetry, and the drama. It would be wise, I think, in each instance to devote a meeting or two, or even more if the discussion proved interesting, to certain books which presented a survey of current trends and points of view before proceeding to specific authors and works. Thus to begin with the novel, a most interesting meeting could be developed about such a book as E. M. Forster's ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL (Harcourt, Brace), an English book, to be sure, but one which holds just as good for American literature as for British since its analysis goes to a study of the elements which enter into the writing of fiction and manner of its handling. If the club wishes to pursue further the study of fiction as an art, it could well spend considerable time in discussion of Percy Lubbock's THE CRAFT OF FICTION (Scribners), a work which demands close attention but most richly repays effort. There's meat enough in its comment to keep any group interested for a long period. With these two English books to serve as guide to the whole subject of fiction and with Carl Van Doren's CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVELISTS (Macmillan) as basis for a survey of the field of present-day American writing of the sort, the club could arrange several meetings around individuals or groups of novelists. Thus a program (or several programs) could be constructed about Sinclair Lewis and the group of realists who after the war began the disillusionment of their countrymen as to the United States, another about such writers as Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, and Erskine Caldwell, a third around such different practitioners of the art of the novel as Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow; still another might be focussed about the fantasists like Robert Nathan and Elinor Wylie (totally unlike, to be sure), and others might be given over to an individual like Thomas Wolfe, to mention an author at present very much before the public eye.

When the novel has been adequately handled for the club's purpose it might pass on to a study of the short story, and begin that study by using as a cornerstone Mr. Canby's STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY (Holt), which has recently been revised, and has been brought up-to-date by an introduction by Alfred Dashiell. The best way to get perspective on the contemporary American short story is through the collections which appear annually. There is a brand new volume of the O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES (Doubleday, Doran) ready to hand with examples of the work of such established writers as Kay Boyle, Stephen Vincent Benét, Josephine Johnson (to cite but a few names), and with contributions from lesser known or unknown authors. *Story* Anthology (Vanguard), compiled from the magazine *Story* which has been the testing ground of much new talent, and BEST SHORT STORIES (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Edward J. O'Brien, would further serve to give a panoramic view of the field, and equip the club members for discussion of current short stories.

Having dispatched fiction, the club could next proceed to poetry, and begin here too with some works presenting general discussion before advancing to individual poets. Two excellent books to initiate this part of the program with would be John Livingston Lowes's stimulating and illuminating CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY (Houghton Mifflin) and Elizabeth Drew's DISCOVERING POETRY (Norton), one of the best presentations of what constitutes the delight and the beauty to be found in poetry available. As with the short story a good anthology, such as Louis Untermeyer's MODERN AMERICAN POETRY (Harcourt, Brace), supplemented by such works as his AMERICAN POETRY SINCE 1900 (Holt) and William Rose Benét's FIFTY POETS (Dodd, Mead), would be a wise way of approaching the field from which special writers for broader study could later be selected. Alas, lack of space brings me to an abrupt close till next week.

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— DOROTHY CANFIELD
in Book-of-the-Month Club News

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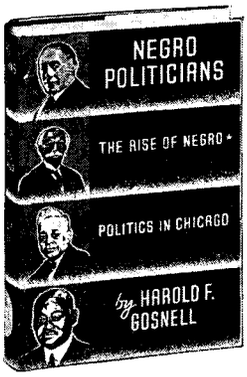

NEGRO POLITICIANS
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RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Westward Ho!

ANGLO-AMERICAN FIRST EDITIONS 1826-1900, East to West. By I. R. Brussel. With an Introduction by Graham Pollard. 500 copies. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1935. $5.

As any sound and comprehensive bibliography must be, this compilation is not merely a collector's manual but an important contribution to the history of publishing. It lists and describes those books by classic Victorian authors which appeared originally in American editions. Mr. Brussel's adherence to his logical plan has produced some strange bedfellows. It is moderately startling to learn that "The Woman in White," "The Last Chronicle of Barset," "She," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray" were available in book form to a cisatlantic audience in advance of their London publication. "A Good Fight," the novelette which was expanded into "The Cloister and the Hearth," was issued at New York in 1859, two years before the London publication of the longer novel as a four-decker—"A Good Fight" itself was first published in London in 1910. Thackeray's first book was published in Philadelphia ("The Yellowplush Correspondence," 1838). And the boy first stood on the burning deck—the deck of a book—in Boston in 1826.

Behind each of these, behind every item which Mr. Brussel cites, is a story—a story not invariably flattering to the ubiquitous national faith in the American sense of fair play. Outright piracy accounts for many of these original book appearances; efforts to circumvent intended piracies explain numerous others. Some, happily, owe their existence to sound forthright (and upright) business enterprise. England, of course, had her pirates no less renowned than ours. Pot and kettle alike were well smudged—just how deeply, in the instance of the party of the second part, will be disclosed in an essential "Anglo-American First Editions West to East."

Mr. Pollard, in his admirable introduction, is, as befits scholar and bibliographer, rather more tolerant and detached in the face of the high crimes of sundry Yankee Barabasses of the nineteenth century than was, say, the late Mr. Dickens. The introduction is an eminently pertinent and comprehensive history of the copyright law in America. The intricacies of the vexed business have never been so clearly set forth, certainly in such small compass. Thus:

> This book is printed and published in England; but, as it is the work of Mr. Brussel, who is an American citizen, no American publisher can legally print it without his consent. On the other hand, the introduction is written by a British subject, so that if any particularly enterprising publisher chooses to reprint it in America, neither Mr. Brussel, nor Messrs. Constable & Co., nor the writer has any legal means of preventing it.

Mr. Brussel's collations are full and his notes both intelligent and intelligible. In discussing English authors of whom adequate bibliographies already exist and which pay due attention to American priority (as Barrie, Carlyle, Kipling, and Meredith) he simply summarizes the findings that apply and refers the reader for details to Cutler, Dyer, Mrs. Livingston, and Forman. He fashions thus an edifice not constructed by reassembling other men's bricks. His is a piece of highly valuable research skilfully executed.

Marginalia

The great Stephen Collins Foster collection assembled by J. K. Lilly of Indianapolis has been presented by its assembler to the University of Cincinnati with ceremonies which included a program of Foster songs sung by a selected chorus of men and women students. . . . It is to be hoped that the university will continue the publication of the admirable Foster Hall Bulletins formerly sent out by Mr. Lilly. . . . A checklist of notable editions of Horace in the United States is being compiled by the Department of Classics of Mills College, California, under the direction of Ernest Kletsch of the Library of Congress. . . . Horace's 2000th birthday anniversary falls on December 8th, presumably (*i.e.*, without looking it up) by the Julian calendar. . . . The recently issued 1935 report of the John Carter Brown Library discloses that extensive purchases for its shelves were made at the Ogden Goelet sale last January. . . . The special copy of the new Bruce Rogers Bible which a group of Mr. Rogers's friends has given to the Library of Congress is now on exhibition in the library's Rare Book Room. . . . And anyone in New York or Los Angeles who wishes to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the Coverdale Bible, the first to be printed in English, by inspecting a copy has only to visit the New York Public or the Henry E. Huntington Library. . . . The Huntington Library reports that an average of 120,000 persons annually view its literary and art treasures. . . . Anyone who wants Edmund Clarence Stedman's copy of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" may have it by outbidding all comers at the dispersal of the library of the late Mrs. Elias P. Mann of Williamstown at the Rains Galleries on November 21st. . . . And if that is too long to wait, he can try for Bayard Taylor's copy, which will be sold at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries November 14th. . . . Exhibition dates for these sales, which contain many notable lots, will be as follows: American Art, November 9th to time of sale (November 13th and 14th); Rains, November 16th to time of sale (November 20th and 21st), Sundays included.

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 16)

from our pity, their unconscious, complete, ruthless egoism. There is, in the strict sense of the word, a certain monotony in the book; the single tone of humorous, slightly wistful tenderness is a little wanting in variety for so long a work. After all, in spite of the violence of the troubles and pleasures, good children often find that their bread-and-butter and early-to-bed lives drag at times; and so, if one reads it too fast, this book is apt to do. But its chapters will each stand alone; and kept by one's bed and spaced over a month, this little world is charming.

B. D.

AT MADAME BONNARD'S. By Joseph Vogel. Knopf. 1935. $2.

This first novel is not a good performance, nor, on the other hand, is it commonplace. Whatever one may say of Mr. Vogel's stuff, it is all his own. Unfortunately he lacks feeling for human character, and though he tells us much about his people it is only rarely that they come alive. And he is curiously deficient in humor; the scenes that are intended to be funny have a rather dreadful quality.

The story follows a time-honored plan. One is given glimpses into the lives of a group of intensely disagreeable and unhappy people living in a boarding-house. There is no plot, and no conclusions are reached. Each character performs for awhile in his own orbit, and so goodnight. The author reveals understanding, pity, and a generous indignation, but not skill.

H. F.

EXPRESS TO THE EAST. By A. den Doolard. Smith & Haas. 1935. $2.50.

It would be difficult to find a more perfect illustration of what happens when nationalism runs riot than that afforded by the history of the Macedonian revolutionary movement. At first the Comitadjis formed a well disciplined and united force, ready to fight the Turks by every means, fair or foul, for the sake of their dream of Macedonian autonomy. The Turks were an ideal foe for these guerrillas: they were slow, and afraid of mountain warfare. Under fanatical and devoted leaders, the V.M.R.O. (as the secret revolutionary organization was called), knew days of glory. But thereafter began the decline which is traced in Mr. den Doolard's novel. The racial problem in this corner of Europe was only aggravated by the withdrawal of the Turkish governmental machine, and a bitter undeclared war broke out in the Balkan states.

The great Comitadji leader of this period, Todor Alexandrov, an inscrutable and brutal figure who overthrew two governments and secured the murder of the Bulgarian dictator Stambulisky, is one of the heroes of "Express to the East." His story, with much of the history of the movement before his time and a certain amount of added romantic intrigue, makes a stormy, turgid, but often exciting novel. The first section of the book recalls Franz Werfel's Armenians on Musa Dagh, with its episodes from the

A poet's excursion into narrative...

With these vignettes of four New England eccentrics, lovable but slightly mad characters, Winifred Welles extends the boundaries of her deft art. Her humor, her crystalline grace, the gay, ironic, and appealing qualities of her verse, are already known to the readers of her lyrics. In this new form, the narrative in verse, she recounts four curious histories: Abigail Penfold, saintly spinster, received an evil visitation; Miss Leffingwell wrote history while the flood raged; Parson Perkins communed with a lone green fay; Lemuel invented a universal language which lacked the verb "to be." Miss Welles has written her most delightful book — a lovely contribution to the poetry of today. The Viking Press. $1.75.

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WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET

—no apologies necessary

SEVERAL early voters have sent in their BEST and WORST ballots (page 21 of last week's Saturday Review) with apologies for not being qualified to vote on one or two important matters. No apologies are necessary. It wasn't our intention to make you thumb through a year's file of the SRL before sending in your vote. Forget your conscience for the moment—let your memory be your guide. For instance: any one of three or four book reviews you remember as being particularly GOOD will make an adequate BEST for the purposes of this ballot.

In any event don't fail to register as much as you can, don't fail to tear out the ballot on page 21 of the November 2nd issue, don't fail to mail it to THE MANAGING EDITOR in time to be counted on November 25th. You will be interested in other readers' votes, be sure to let us have yours!

ADDRESS: **THE MANAGING EDITOR,**
THE SATURDAY REVIEW,
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struggle against the Turks. The book as a whole is on the same grand scale, its pages are similarly drenched in blood, and there is the same lavish expenditure of hopeless heroism on the part of Mr. den Doolard's peasants. Like Werfel's book, it cannot be dismissed as exaggerated, though in its later stages it employs many conventional figures, such as the beautiful secret-agent who is Alexandrov's mistress. The author lends her more individuality than most of her sisters of stage and screen are apt to possess. If the colors are often crude, and if the border line between drama and melodrama is crossed almost as often and as easily as the Serbian frontier by the Comitadji, even a cursory reading of recent Balkan history will demonstrate that no situation is improbable in Macedonia so long as it involves violence.

Perhaps the most surprising thing about this remarkable novel is the fact that it has been written by a Dutchman. Nothing less Dutch in matter or manner could be imagined, yet the very determination with which the author has woven the wildly romantic stuff of Balkan banditry into a serious and convincing book is characteristic of his race. In any case, it is a stirring piece of work, and highly readable in David de Jong's translation. T. P., Jr.

History

THE PONY EXPRESS GOES THROUGH. By Howard R. Driggs. Stokes. 1935. $2.50.

The Pony Express was that Western enterprise which, inaugurated early in April, 1860, for a year and a half carried fast mail between the Missouri River and Sacramento, California, over the Overland and California Trail, with a schedule of ten days. It was the completion of the transcontinental telegraph line in the Fall of 1861 that put the Pony Express out of business.

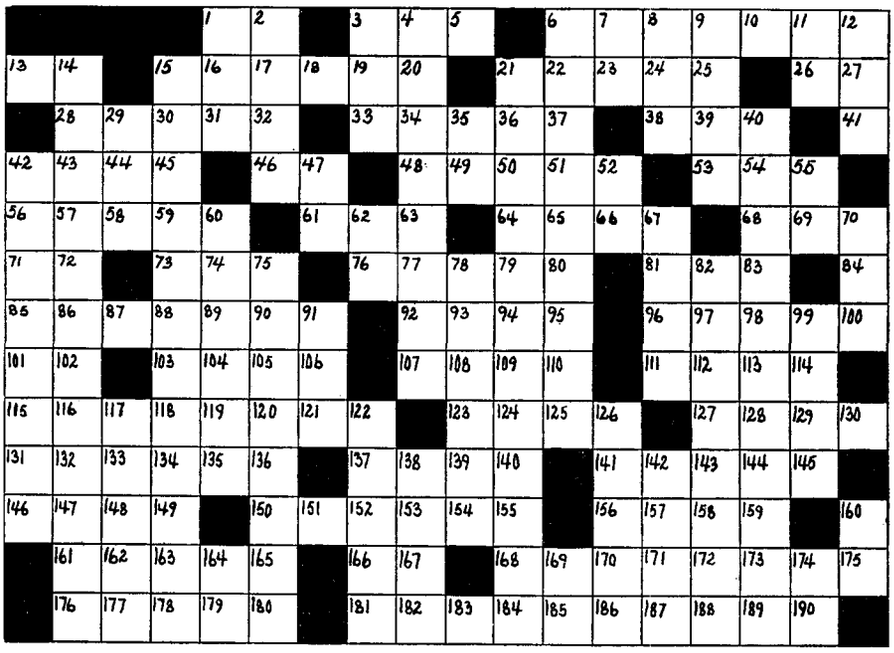
The brief era of the Pony Express with its riders galloping full speed day and night has been well covered by narratives not all of which are out of print. The offering by Dr. Driggs (who is upon the faculty of New York University) therefore can only retell facts in its succinct history of the undertaking. The closing chapter, however, in which the Pony Express trail and its landmarks are seen in their present aspects, is of new interest.

The chief value of the text lies in those chapters of interviews by the author with surviving riders of the old trail. We have their angle, as at first hand, and their experiences, some of which make a story in themselves. By his personal acquaintance with the Western country and its old-timer element Dr. Driggs does these interviews with gusto and sympathy. The result is a volume with appeal to both the juvenile and the adult reader.

The illustrations, in line sketches and in color pages, are by William H. Jackson, pioneer Western photographer and artist, who pictures what he himself has seen. It should be mentioned that the book appears at the time of the Diamond Jubilee of the Pony Express, in which grandsons and great-grandsons of the original riders mount the saddle and carry the mail again. E. L. S.

Double-Crostics: No. 85

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. Contest between China and England, 1840 (2 words).

II. Style of architecture.

III. A small nesting home.

IV. A poem by Poe.

V. Novel by Henry Ward Beecher.

VI. Fashionable seashore resort of the 1890s (U. S.)

VII. Greek mathematician (287-212 B.C.).

VIII. Existing condition.

IX. Chief Island of Japanese Empire.

X. Babylonian and Assyrian goddess.

XI. Italian criminologist (1836-1909).

XII. American novelist (1885—).

XIII. "Father of Medicine."

XIV. Netherlands Rhenish industrial city.

XV. Character in "Peer Gynt."

XVI. Tree nymph (Gr. myth.).

XVII. Wrath.

XVIII. One regarded with particular affection.

XIX. First name of famous young violinist.

XX. Differently.

XXI. Novel by James Joyce.

XXII. English pottery and town (1775-1802).

XXIII. To sail nearer the wind.

XXIV. To whatever degree.

XXV. Ideal commonwealth.

XXVI. 18th Century satirist.

XXVII. Pettish.

WORDS

42 162 112 5 190 21 188 152

123 16 158 62 135 88

1 70 56 87 36 125 81 52

57 129 107 144 76 163 126 120

98 147 47 111 7 29 145

17 83 132 110 2 155 103

160 149 44 138 26 8 32 78 37 51

161 171 84 183 100 115

25 4 182 27 159 148

50 186 114 67 105 118

130 49 12 69 40 54 102 80

153 75 156 187 180

82 43 136 150 131 24 58 66 73 13 189

185 72 55 90 168 22 10

133 39 142 48 60 23 99

104 68 165 139 175 108 3 177 18

79 30 19

86 77 33 154 173 93 113 181

63 9 74 71 91 157

92 96 184 128 35 15 109 176 101

172 178 146 122 31 45 164

170 46 64 34 14 106 166 53 140

94 121 127 38

65 143 28 59 124 174 41 179 20

169 137 97 116 11 151

6 61 119 167 89

134 117 85 141 95

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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A Moses of the Mormons

CROWN of GLORY

By O. W. RIEGEL

The colorful biography of one of America's most astonishing religious zealots, James Jesse Strang, who broke away from the parent body of Mormons, provided his own set of brass-tablets to establish his claim to semi-divinity, and founded a kingdom of his own on an island off Michigan. An entertaining, exciting and sound biography which will take its place as a valuable contribution to Americana. $3.00

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BORED with the commonplace? I want lady or gentleman to assist financially in producing an unusual motion picture. Will coach and give part in same. Box 818-A.

EDUCATED, impecunious Italian, 28, seeks correspondence with attractive female interested in Italian, philosophy and Kama. Box 819-A.

COPIES of the New York Times for the years 1927 and 1928 are wanted to complete a reference file. If you have all or any issues published during those years, write giving dates of available issues and price. Box 820-A.

YOUNG MAN-hattanite stifled by stooges, seeks feminine winsomeness divorced from insipidity, cupidity, stupidity. Box 825-A.

PERSONALS

MAN of Manhattan, insufferably stupid, disgustingly dull, unspeakably unimaginative, might show marked improvement by correspondence with intelligent, imaginative, interesting woman, fortyish, fearless, and fascinatingly feminine. Box 821-A.

SLOW-WITTED BOY, 24, would appreciate correspondence with girl, fair-minded, interested in reading, writing, walking and music. Box 822-A.

MIDDLE-AGED, versatile, trustworthy, unencumbered woman, wide interests and experience, seeks job anywhere. Box 823-A.

SECRETARIAL, publishing or editorial position by woman with eight years experience as reviewer, article writer and newspaper worker. Box 824-A.

NEW YORK WRITERS: Dictate your manuscripts *evenings or Sunday and pay what you* will. Box 826-A.

SURELY someone, somewhere in New York can use the services of a capable, personable young college graduate available after 4 P. M., who can act as companion, personal or social secretary. Box 827-A.

OLD CHINESE temple frescoes, unusual collection of 24 paintings, extremely decorative and interesting. Also collection of 15 old Manchu family and priest portraits for sale. Box 828-A.

INDIANS: Magnificent set of McKenney & Hall's North American Indians, First Edition, three volumes, Elephant Folio, hand-colored plates, for sale. Box 829-A.

MANUMISSION! Resurrection! Profound manifestation of the unmanifest! Vital testimony sent "115." Please inquire: Remember, "I want to know . . . ."? Failure of The Plan means—"the end" of I. "Ymanf."

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA is strictly up-to-date. Doctors Canby and Morley (of OUR REVIEW) rank, in space, with Edmund Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney. "William Shake-speare" does not rate a heading, but, tucked between "Shakers" and "Shanghai," with equal billing, is someone called "Shakspere." Not so good! Adding insult to injury, Columbia omits Maister Doctor Rosenbach, the world's foremost authority in Spenseriana. Doctor has arranged with Professor Reinhardt to donate to the Folger Library the script of Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Before Doctor donates his copy of Faerie Queene, inscribed by Spenser, I should like to bid for it. I offer thirty cents. George Frisbee.

KNOW THIS MAN?—He is Roman Catholic *by conviction and practice, being neither skeptical* nor fanatical. Moreover, he possesses an inquiring intelligence. (The two can go together!) Should be inexpressibly heartened to learn that this man exists in the flesh outside my imagination. Mary.

PIERRE—Personal Column Editor informs impossible to deliver mail to correspondent unless latter inserts ad. Brief non-committal one sufficient to allow you to receive innumerable letters and still remain incognito. But so tedious!

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MIGNONNE—reread (carefully); waited (expectantly); wept? No! Chortled (Celticly)! Deplore your correspondence manners (profoundly). Pierre (II).

LOLO, remember that book I've been after a year. Every bookseller would say "hard-to-find —out-of-print." Well, I found it. Just wrote to AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 133 W. 47th Street, Dept. S, New York, told them the book I wanted and presto!—they found it. Low priced, too, and no charge for the service. Try it.

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. . . WALTER DURANTY, *author of* I WRITE AS I PLEASE, *just published.*

The Inner Sanctum is proud and honored to publish *I Write As I Please*, by WALTER DURANTY.

As Moscow correspondent of *The New York Times* since 1920, WALTER DURANTY has gained such unrivalled knowledge of the Russian experiment and the whole post-war world (now probably pre-war again) that his dispatches have achieved long range significance as well as front page drama.

I Write As I Please is part history, part journalism, part autobiography and all adventure—both in action and in ideas.

Confirming its own enthusiasm, *The Inner Sanctum* has just received a letter from VINCENT SHEEAN, in which the author of *Personal History* says:

"I have just this minute finished WALTER DURANTY'S *book and spring to the typewriter to congratulate him. It is delightful all the way through—but the most remarkable thing about it is that it succeeds in being delightful, amusing, captivating, charming, all those things (all the things you would expect* WALTER DURANTY'S *book to be if he wrote the way he talked) without being for one moment trivial or insignificant. It makes a singularly clear, strong, unified impression. It gives you such a vivid notion of him—that's the remarkable thing —and of what Russia meant to him, how he saw Russia, and at the end I think you believe he saw it all pretty straight and that you would probably have seen it the same way."*

Foreign correspondents (including HUBERT S. KNICKERBOCKER, whose candid camera shot of WALTER DURANTY illustrates this column) characterize the author of *I Write As I Please* as the most brilliant and dynamic conversationalist in the profession. He writes as he talks. He talks as he thinks. And he thinks as he sees—in terms of historical perspective.

Essandess

Write Your Own Ticket

Forget your conscience — let your memory be your guide!

See page 21

Write Your Own Ticket

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Quercus's ambitions: to find a secondhand copy of Crockford's Clerical Directory, which he is convinced is full of lurking matter. ☞Also to find a word for Indian Summer on Long Island, the loveliest phenomenon on earth. ☞This is written at the most easterly pavilion at Jones Beach, where by putting a dime in a slot you can get a bundle of kindling and a bag of charcoal for your beach-fire. And the smoke of publishers' catalogues, galleys, and press litter, drifts out to sea. ☞What would we do without fire, the purifier?

☞When sea-captains report hazy weather off the Long Island shore it is often the fume of Quercus's littery incinerator at Jones Beach. ☞Another ambition: to dance with the Mermaids on the mosaic rumpish sea-horse in the pavement near the West Bathhouse. ☞Will Cuppy was Jones Beach's first friend: he went there years ago to be a Hermit and now has the world's biggest Parking Place in his back yard. ☞Next came Max Schuster who started Publishers' Picnics. ☞Doubledays' had a Devilled Ham and Lake Ronkonkoma Club, the purpose of which was never to get to Lake Ronkonkoma; they did once, however, which accounted for the sardonic passage in chapter XIV of a book which the publisher vowed never to mention. ☞A publicity lad from the Hotel Del Monte in California wants to know our favorite dishes and the recipes therefor. Why *should* we publicize our secrets? ☞Our most esteemed dish is Kedgeree, an Indian rechauffée of fish, rice, eggs; but few people know it and we are too old to go campaigning. ☞Next best, shish kebab. ☞The Omelette Arnold Bennett at the Savoy Grill in London isn't bad: it's an omelette churned up with cream and chopped haddock; very British, and symbolic of Arnold's prose. ☞Good news from Harcourt Brace: there's a new Dorothy Sayers mystery coming, called *Gaudy Night;* which doesn't necessarily mean what you think.

☞Latest news of Feld-Crawford contracts: besides the publishers mentioned last week, one more, the Heritage Press, has signed. Other publishers announcing intention to sign, when contract forms are approved by their lawyers, are Doubleday Doran, Coward-McCann, and Putnams. ☞Also Viking Press and Simon & Schuster, as reported last week. ☞The constitutionality of the Feld - Crawford Act was upheld last week by Justice Brennan in the Brooklyn Supreme Court, in a decision which enjoined a drug store from selling a brand of razor blades below the retail price stipulated by the manufacturer in a Feld-Crawford contract. Booksellers hope that the news of this case will encourage other publishers to apply Feld-Crawford contracts to maintain retail prices on their books.

☞A new section of Argus Bookshop's (Chicago) catalogue *Along the North Wall* is now on press. Q. is pleased to see Argus mentioning with just praise the admirably witty books by E. B. White of *The New Yorker*. ☞The "Unnamed Book Club" of Minneapolis now marks its fifth anniversary by choosing for itself a permanent name, The Ampersand Club.

☞Pleased the November choice of the Literary Guild is a non-Doubleday book—viz. Lady Murasaki's famous *Tale of Genji,* now reissued by Houghton Mifflin in a 2-volume edition. The Lady Murasaki (11th century) must have been one of the earliest female novelists.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
MONEY FROM HOME *Damon Runyon* (Stokes: $2)	Midget Yarns	The low-down on the Broadway umpchays in 13 easy lessons. The technique on the double-cross and the lingo of the phonies included.	McCoy
STRAIT GATE *Ruth Comfort Mitchell* (Appleton-Century: $2)	Loven-ture	Society babe's terrific yen for flying brings to Sarah Lynn thrills galore and the clean heart of a champ Norwegian flyer.	Bang-up
GHOST-TOWN GOLD *William Colt MacDonald* (Covici-Friede: $2)	Western	A bit of the old Dumas touch whereby a trio of tough but honest gents grapple with Old Man Adventure in search for gold. Elegant gun play.	Salted
WOMEN IN THE WIND *Francis Walton* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Novel	They're off! Ten dames in an air derby with some of the gals playing rough and dealing from the bottom. Sound dope.	Ace high
RUSTLERS OF BEACON CREEK *Max Brand* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Western	The Montague lugs meet their Waterloo when the trigger-fingered stranger shows 'em guts and bullets.	Red-eye

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